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No. 2187.

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THREEPENCE
Stamped Edition, 4d.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—The PROSPECTUS for 1869-70 is now ready, and will be sent free of charge on application to J. W. CUNNINGHAM, Esq., King's College, London, putting the word "Prospectus" outside the cover.

NOTICE.—ROYAL SCHOOL OF MINES.—Jermyn-street, London.—The SESSION will BEGIN on MONDAY, the 4th of October. Prospectuses may be had on application to TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.

ROYAL SCHOOL OF MINES.
Director.
SIR RODERICK IMPEY MURCHISON, Bart. K.C.B.
F.R.S., &c.

During the Nineteenth Session, 1869-70, which will commence on the 4th of October, the following COURSES of LECTURES and PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATIONS will be given:—

1. Chemistry. By E. Frankland, Ph.D. F.R.S.
 2. Metallurgy. By John Percy, M.D. F.R.S.
 3. Natural History. By T. H. Huxley, LL.D. F.R.S.
 4. Mineralogy. By W. H. Wray, M.A. F.R.S.
 5. Mining. By A. C. Ramsey, LL.D. F.R.S.
 6. Applied Mechanics. By T. M. Goodeve, M.A.
 7. Physics. By Frederick Guthrie, B.A. Ph.D.
- Instruction in Mechanical Drawing, by the Rev. J. Haythorne Esq., M.A.

The Fee for Students desirous of becoming Associates is 30*l.* in one sum, on entrance, or two annual payments of 20*l.* exclusive of the Laboratories.

Pupils are received in the Royal College of Chemistry (the Laboratory of the School), under the direction of Dr. Frankland, and in the Metallurgical Laboratory, under the direction of Dr. Percy.

Tickets to separate Courses of Lectures are issued at 3*l.* and 4*l.* each.

Officers in the Queen's Service, Her Majesty's Consuls, Acting Mining Agents and Managers may obtain Tickets at reduced prices.

Certificated Schoolmasters, Pupil-Teachers, and others engaged in education, are also admitted to the Lectures at reduced fees.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales grants Two Scholarships, and several others have also been established by Government.

For a Prospectus and information apply to the Registrar, Royal School of Mines, Jermyn-street, London, S.W.
TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.

ROYAL SCHOOL OF NAVAL ARCHITECTURE AND MARINE ENGINEERING. South Kensington.

The Sixth ANNUAL SESSION of this School will OPEN on the 1st of October.

Particulars respecting Terms of Admission, Free Studentships, and Exhibitions, may be learnt by applying, by letter, to the Secretary, Science and Art Department, South Kensington, or by personal application to the Principal of the School.

MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE.

THE WINTER SESSION for 1869-70 will be OPENED on FRIDAY, October 1st, at 3 o'clock p.m., with an INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS by Dr. E. LIVING, M.D. Cantab.

At the termination of the Address, the Prizes awarded during the previous year will be distributed.

The HOSPITAL contains upwards of 300 Beds.

There are Special Wards set apart for the reception of 50 In-Patients suffering from Cancer, whose period of residence in the Hospital is unlimited.

There are also Special Departments for Diseases of the Eye, Diseases of Women and Children, and Syphilis.

The Out-Patient Department of the Hospital is rendered, as far as possible, available to the Students for the study of Diseases, and Practical Demonstrations are given in the Out-Patient Room on Diseases of the Chest, on Diseases of the Skin, Eye, &c.

The MEDICAL COLLEGE provides complete means, including the assistance of a College Tutor, for the education of Students preparing for the Medical Examinations of the University of London, as well as for those of the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, and of the Society of Apothecaries.

Fee for General Students, if paid in advance, 50*l.* entitling to perpetual attendance. If paid by instalments, 35*l.* for each of the first two years; 20*l.* for the third; and 10*l.* for each additional year's attendance.

Fee for Dental Students, 20*l.* for the first year, and 12*l.* for the second.

For Prospectus or further information, apply to E. HEADLAM GREENHOW, M.D., Dean.

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

THE WINTER SESSION will be OPENED on TUESDAY, November 3, 1869, at Two o'clock, when an ADDRESS will be delivered by Principal Sir ALEXANDER GRANT, Bart. LL.D.

The CLASSES for the different Branches of Study in the Faculties of Arts, Law and Medicine will be OPENED on the 3rd of November, and in the Faculty of Theology on the 9th of November.

Information relative to Matriculation and the Curricula of Study for Degrees, Examinations, &c., will be found in the University Calendar, &c., which may be obtained on application to the Secretary at the College.

A Table of Fees may be seen in the Matriculation Office and in the Reading-Room of the Library.

By authority of the Senatus.
September, 1869. JOHN WILSON, Sec. to the Senatus.

DR. HUNT'S INSTITUTION FOR THE CURE OF STAMMERING, ONE HOUSE, near HASTINGS.

The system of the late Dr. JAMES HUNT will be continued in its integrity by his Brother-in-law, the Rev. HENRY F. RIVERS, B.A. Mr. Rivers having been for many years past Dr. HUNT's representative during lengthened periods of illness and absence, was prior to his death, formally nominated by him as his only qualified and legal successor.

Mrs. HUNT purposes remaining at One House and superintending the Institution carried on by her late Husband, as heretofore. The support of friends and former pupils is here requested, as on this must depend the continuance of the advantages offered by the system of the late Dr. JAMES HUNT, and of his father, THOMAS HUNT, Esq., to persons afflicted with Impediments of Speech.

A New (5th) Edition of "HUNT ON STAMMERING," now ready, price 2*s.* 6*d.* (Longman & Co. Paternoster-row.)

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL and COLLEGE.
CLASSES FOR THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

MATRICULATION EXAMINATION.

There will be two Classes held at St. Bartholomew's Hospital in each year, for the convenience of Gentlemen who are preparing for the Matriculation Examination at the London University, from October to January, and from March to June. Provision will be made for teaching all the subjects required, as follows:—

- (1) Classics, French, English, Modern Geography, and English History.—Malcolm Laing, M.A., Trin. Coll. Cambridge.
- (2) Mathematics and Natural Philosophy.—P. J. Hensley, M.D. Cantab., Fellow of Christ's Coll. Cambridge, Tutor to the Hospital.
- (3) Chemistry.—A. Matthiessen, F.R.S., Lecturer on Chemistry to the Hospital.

TUESDAYS and THURSDAYS, from 12 to 2 p.m.

TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, from 11 to 1 p.m.

Fee for the Course of Three Months 10 guineas.

Fee for (1) or (2) 5 guineas.

Fee for (3) 2 guineas.

This Class will BEGIN on MONDAY, October 4.

PRELIMINARY SCIENTIFIC EXAMINATION.

A Class in the subjects required for the Preliminary Scientific Examination will be held from January to July, and will include all the subjects required, as follows:—

- Chemistry.—A. Matthiessen, F.R.S.
- Botany.—Rev. G. Hensley, M.A. Cantab. F.L.S., Lecturer on Botany to the Hospital.
- Zoology and Comparative Anatomy.—W. S. Church, M.D. Oxon. Lecturer on Comparative Anatomy to the Hospital; late Lecturer in Anatomy at Christchurch, Oxford.
- Mechanical and Natural Philosophy.—P. J. Hensley, M.D. Cantab.

Fee to Students of the Hospital 6 guineas.

Fee to others 10 guineas.

Fee for any single subject 3 guineas.

Further information may be obtained on application, personally or by letter, to the Resident Warden of the College, St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL.—The WINTER SESSION of the MEDICAL SCHOOL will COMMENCE on the 1st of OCTOBER, with an INTRODUCTORY LECTURE by Dr. WADHAM.

Students at this Hospital are divided into Classes, and placed under the care of each of the Physicians and Surgeons in rotation for Clinical Instruction.

Medical Tutor. Special instruction is given in Pathology, Psychological Medicine, Public Health, Ophthalmic Surgery, Orthopaedic Surgery, and Aural Surgery; with Practical Demonstrations on the Laryngoscope, the Ophthalmoscope, and Diseases of the Skin. The special Courses of Lectures are included in the compounding fee for the ordinary Lectures and Hospital attendance.

Further information may be obtained of Dr. BARCLAY, or Mr. HOLMES at the Hospital.

MEDICAL EDUCATION.—ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL, Paddington, will open on October 1st, 1869. In addition to the usual Courses, Special Instruction is provided in operative Minor Surgery and Bandaging.

Ophthalmic, Aural, and Dental Surgery, Comparative Anatomy, Histology, and Pathology; all of which are taught practically by demonstration as well as lecture. For Prospectus apply to W. B. CHADWICK, M.D., Dean of the School.

MEDICAL EDUCATION FOR WOMEN.—TWO SCHOLARSHIPS of one of the annual value of 50*l.* TENABLE FOR THREE YEARS IN ONE OF THE UNIVERSITIES OPEN TO WOMEN and to be awarded by competitive examination in June 1870, are offered to Women who desire to enter the Medical Profession. Information can be obtained from Miss GARRATT, 50, Upper Berkeley-street, Portman-square, London.

THE HARLEIAN SOCIETY, instituted for the PUBLICATION of INEDITED MANUSCRIPTS relating to Genealogy, Family History, and Heraldry.

President.—HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER.

The Council have selected for the Publication for 1869, The VISITATION of LONDON, in 1568, by COOKE.

Prospectuses and Lists of Members may be had by applying to GEO. J. ARMYTAGE, Hon. Sec. Kirkcaldy Park, Brighouse.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY IN IRELAND.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, GALWAY.

THE SESSION 1869-70 will COMMENCE TUESDAY, the 19th of October, when the supplemental Scholarship and other Examinations will be proceeded with, as laid down in the Prospectus.

The Examination for Matriculation in the several Faculties of Arts, Law, and Medicine, and in the Department of Engineering, will be held on FRIDAY, the 23rd of October.

Further information, and copies of the Prospectus, may be had on application to the Registrar.

By order of the President, WM. LUPTON, M.A., Registrar.

Queen's College, Galway, 22nd August, 1869.

MISS MARY LEECH'S MORNING SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES will RE-OPEN on FRIDAY, October 1st.—14, Radnor-place, Gloucester-square, Hyde Park, W.

THE MISSES A. and R. LEECH'S SCHOOL for LITTLE BOYS will RE-OPEN FRIDAY, Oct. 1st.—45, Kensington Gardens-square, Hyde Park, W. (late of Belgrave Cottage).

SPECIAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF PICTURES IN OIL and WATER-COLOUR. Old Bond-street Gallery.—The days for taking in Pictures will be the 15th and 16th of October next.—Further particulars can be obtained from the SECRETARY at the Gallery, 25, Old Bond-street, W.

EXHIBITION OF CABINET PICTURES in OIL, Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.—NOTICE TO EXHIBITORS.—The days for taking in PICTURES for the THIRD WINTER EXHIBITION will be the 4th and 8th of OCTOBER NEXT, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.—The Regulations can be had on application to the SECRETARY, at the Gallery.

THE THIRD WINTER EXHIBITION of CABINET PICTURES in OIL, under the superintendence of the Committee of the Dudley Gallery, will OPEN on MONDAY, October 15. All Pictures intended for Exhibition must be sent to the Gallery at the Egyptian Hall, on Monday, 4th, or Tuesday, 8th, of October. Hours of reception, from 10 A.M. till 10 P.M.

GEORGE L. HALL, Hon. Sec.

MISS LOUISA DREWRY, Professor of History and of the English Language and Literature, will RE-COMMENCE her COURSES of LESSONS in these subjects early in October.—149 (late 13), King Henry's-road, Upper Avenue-road, N.W.

THE PRESS.—A Young Man, who has been engaged as Reporter on a leading County Paper, seeks a similar SITUATION. Accurate and verbatim Note-taker, and experienced in Condensing and Proof Reading. Excellent references.—Address W. B., 13, Salem-place, St. Sidwell, Exeter.

TO NEWSPAPER PROPRIETORS.—Wanted, a Situation as READER upon a Daily or Weekly Metropolitan Journal. The Advertiser at present occupies a similar position upon a Provincial Daily.—Address Z., care of Mr. G. Street, 30, Cornhill, E.C.

VERBATIM REPORTER, SUB-EDITOR.—A well-educated Man, an expert shorthand Writer, accustomed to Newspaper Work, and with high Testimonials, desires EMPLOYMENT during the Parliamentary recess. Very moderate terms.—Address M. X., 286, Vauxhall Bridge-road, London, S.W.

NEWSPAPER.—The Proprietor of a London Local Paper, in a populous district, with a good circulation and advertising connexion, desires the co-operation of a Gentleman up to Newspaper work, with a capital of from 500*l.* to 1000*l.* Apply to Messrs C. MITCHELL & Co., Advertising Agents, Red Lion-court, Fleet-street, E.C.

NEWSPAPER.—TO PRINTERS AND OTHERS.—The Proprietor of a Weekly Newspaper in London requires another to join with a few hundred pounds additional Capital: a Printer and Advertiser, as well as a good business man, to be introduced, as other business can be introduced. Principals only treated with.—Address N. E. W., Finsbury, Fleet-street.

LONDON LETTER.—An ABLE WRITER in the best Magazines has leisure to supply a first-rate London Letter weekly. Terms, One Guinea. Some recent articles will be sent as specimens.—Address D. L. F., Lycium Newsrooms, 127, Strand.

TO NEWSPAPER AND PERIODICAL PROPRIETORS AND LITERARY GENTLEMEN.—THE ADVERTISER, who is in the Wholesale Book Trade and whose premises are in the vicinity of Paternoster-row, would be happy to undertake the Publication and Advertising Agency of any Literary Property on Commission.—Address F. A., Post-office, Ludgate-hill, E.C.

TO NEWSPAPER PROPRIETORS.—A competent Editor, who has had experience of the Metropolitan and Provincial Press, is just discharged, and SEEKS EMPLOYMENT. The Advertiser is an efficient shorthand Writer.—Address Editors, care of Henry Greenwood, Advertising Agent, Liverpool.

NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES, COPY-RIGHTS.—A Valued for Transfer, and Sales effected privately, by Mr. HOLMES, Valuer of Literary Property, and Valuer and Accountant to the Trade, 45, Paternoster-row.

ARTICLED PUPIL.—WANTED by a DENTIST near Cavendish-square, holding Hospital Appearances, a YOUNG GENTLEMAN as Pupil.—For terms, apply by letter, J. H. S., Adams & Francis, 50, Fleet-street, E.C.

THE ADVERTISER, aged 27, who is engaged in a Government Office, seeks additional EMPLOYMENT for a few hours daily. He is well acquainted with both Public and Private Business, is a good Accountant and Correspondent, and is accustomed to prepare Papers for the Press. Would be glad to assist an Editor, or to undertake reading on a good Periodical.—Address A. B., care of George Knight, Esq., 3, Mylne-street, Myddelton-square, E.C.

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE BLIND.—A comfortable HOME offered to a LADY so afflicted by a Widow Lady, residing in a healthy, cheerful village. Every care and attention can be relied on. Moderate terms. Good references given and required.—Address M. E., Post-office, Working, Sussex.

AS SECRETARY, AMANUENSIS, or the LIKE.—A Gentleman REQUIRES an ENGAGEMENT as above. Very good references.—Address B. S. K., Eilton Place, Hull.

MUSIC.—TO SCHOOLS and PRIVATE FAMILIES.—A GERMAN PROFESSOR, formerly pupil of Adolph Scholz and Molique, is open to take ENGAGEMENTS for teaching the Pianoforte, Singing, and Composition.—Address LAMAR, at Harris's, 33, Rathbone-place, Oxford-street, W.

FOR SALE.—A PROPRIETOR'S SHARE in the LONDON INSTITUTION. Price 5*l.*—Address A. B., Post-office, Hitchin.



TRAVELLER.—WANTED by a PUBLISHING HOUSE, a GENTLEMAN accustomed to transact with the Trade, in Town and Country, and qualified to assist in the Publishing Department.—Address No. 127, Office of Bookseller, 30, Warwick-square, E.C.

OWENS COLLEGE, MANCHESTER.
Session 1869-70.

The PROSPECTUS for the Session, commencing on the 4th of October next, will be sent free on application to the Registrar. Special Prospectuses of the Engineering Course, and of the Evening Classes, may be obtained in like manner.

J. G. GREENWOOD, Principal.
J. HOLME NICHOLSON, Registrar.

A MARRIED CLERGYMAN, retired from Parochial duty, and residing in EASTBOURNE, wishes to receive into his Family ONE or TWO BOYS, under 10 years of age, to be PREPARED for Public Schools, or otherwise, with two other Boys entrusted to his entire care, by an Indian Civil Servant.—Address ALFRA, Spalding's Library, 48, High-street, Nottingham Hill.

A CLERGYMAN, M.A. Oxon, residing at a Watering Place of Note, within easy access of several large Towns, and receiving a dozen Boys into his house at high Terms, desires to TRANSFER his CONNEXION, having accepted Parochial duty at a distance. A competent successor might readily increase the number of Pupils.—Address M.A. 38, Burlington-road, St. Stephen's-square, Bayswater, W.

MR. THOMSON (Graduate of the London and Edinburgh Universities) RECEIVES a limited number of YOUNG GENTLEMEN as Boarders and Day Scholars. He has removed from 40, Frederick-street to the house hitherto occupied by Mr. MACCOLL.

15, RUTLAND-SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

Mr. MACCOLL has much pleasure in expressing his entire confidence that Mr. Thomson is well qualified for the duties he undertakes to discharge.

ENGINEERING.—STUDENTS are prepared in the HARTLEY INSTITUTION, Southampton, for the various branches of CIVIL ENGINEERING, and for the Public Works Department of India, by a complete course of instruction, with or without Articles of Apprenticeship.—Address the Principal.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON MATRICULATION.—A GENTLEMAN, of nearly twenty years' experience, desirous to meet with one or two PUPILS, References to former Pupils and their Parents.—Address W. L., 28, York-street, Portman-square, W.

MORNING CLASS for the SONS of GENTLEMEN.—A TUTOR, of many years' experience, who takes only six PUPILS, wishes to meet with One or Two to join his Class. References to former Pupils and their Parents.—Address W. L., 28, York-street, Portman-square, W.

GRAMMAR SCHOOL, ABERDEEN.
ENGLISH MASTERSHIP.

The ENGLISH MASTERSHIP in the Grammar School of Aberdeen being VACANT, Candidates for the Office are requested to lodge their Application, accompanied by testimonials of qualifications and character, with the Town Clerk, on or before Monday, the 11th day of October next.

The appointment is from year to year, and the income consists of fees and a yearly salary of £62.

The successful Candidate will have to enter on his duties on the 26th day of October next.

Further information may be obtained on application to Mr. MARTIN, the Rector of the School.

Council Chamber, Aberdeen, 10th September, 1869.

BRIGHTON.—ARMY, CIVIL SERVICE, &c.—A Cambridge M.A. (late an Officer in the Royal Engineers) PREPARES PUPILS rapidly and successfully for the above. Having passed through the Woolwich Course, he knows the exact requirements. In case of failure, no Fees are charged.—M. A., 4, Broad-street, Brighton.

TO PARENTS and GUARDIANS.—Wanted, a respectable and well-educated YOUTH as an APPRENTICE to a Scientific Business. He will have an opportunity of acquiring thorough business habits, and attending Scientific Lectures and Meetings. He must not exceed 16.—For particulars, apply by letter to X. Y., Post-office, Vigo-street, W.

GOWER-STREET SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,
78, GOWER-STREET, London.

RE-OPENED THURSDAY, September 23. Further information may be had at 78, Gower-street.

THE STUDY OF THE GREEK NEW TESTAMENT.

ALFRED W. BENNETT, M.A. (Lond.) proposes to form, in the course of October, a Private Class for Ladies, at his own Residence, for Elementary INSTRUCTION in GREEK, with special reference to the Study of the New Testament.—Address 5, Park-village East, Regent's Park, N.W.

MORNING PREPARATORY CLASS for the SONS of GENTLEMEN (exclusively), 13, Somerset-street, Portman-square. The OCTOBER TERM will commence MONDAY, October 11.

THE REV. J. D. LA TOUCHE would receive TWO or THREE PUPILS to prepare for the Universities or Civil Service Examinations. He would especially assist them in scientific pursuits, for which the neighbourhood is very well adapted, both as regards Geology and Botany. A Laboratory for chemical experiments is also accessible.—Address Stokesay Vicarage, Craven Arms, Shropshire.

FRANCE.—MODERN SCHOOL.
VERSAILLES, 3 and 5, RUE PORTE-DE-BUC.—Head Master, Prof. Dr. J. L. H. B. H. ACADEMY of Paris. TEN ENGLISH PUPILS received as BOARDERS, residing with the Head Master. Special Classes for Civil Engineering. The School RE-OPENS on MONDAY, 27th of September next.—For admission, apply to the Head Master, 3, Rue Porte-de-Buc, Versailles.

EDUCATION in PARIS.—Madame HAVET (Wife of M. Havet, Author of 'French Studies') receives TEN YOUNG LADIES for Board and complete French and English Education.—24, Avenue d'Eylès, Boite de Boulogne. Prospectus sent by M. HAVET, Director, Scottish Institution for Ladies, Edinburgh.

LONDON INSTITUTION, Finsbury-circus.

ARRANGEMENTS for the ENSUING SESSION, 1869-1870.

EDUCATIONAL LECTURES, at FOUR O'CLOCK in the AFTERNOON.

First Course.—Twelve Lectures 'On Elementary Physics,' by FREDERICK OUTRIER, Esq. B.A. Ph.D. F.R.S.E., Professor of Physics in the Royal School of Mines.

MONDAYS, October 4th, 11th, 18th, 25th; November 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd, 29th; December 6th, 13th, 20th, 27th.

Second Course.—Twelve Lectures 'On Elementary Chemistry,' by C. L. BLOXAM, Esq. F.R.S., Professor of Practical Chemistry in King's College, London.

MONDAYS, January 24th, 31st; February 7th, 14th, 21st, 28th; March 7th, 14th, 21st, 28th; April 4th, 11th, 18th, 25th.

Third Course.—Twelve Lectures 'On Elementary Botany,' by ROBERT BENTLEY, Esq. F.R.S., Professor of Botany in the London Institution and in King's College, London.

MONDAYS, April 26th; May 3rd, 10th, 17th, 24th, 31st; June 6th, 13th, 20th, 27th; July 4th, 11th.

Evening Lectures, at HALF-PAST SEVEN O'CLOCK.

Fourth Course.—Four Lectures 'On Architecture; or, the Fine Art of Building,' by ROBERT KERR, Esq. F.R.S.E., Professor of Architecture in King's College, London.

THURSDAYS, November 11th, 18th, 25th; December 2nd, 1869.

Fifth Course.—Two Lectures (being the Travers Lectures) 'On the Commercial Status and Property Rights of Women,' by HUGH SHIELD, Esq. M.A., Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, Barrister-at-Law.

THURSDAYS, December 3rd, 10th, 1869.

Sixth Course.—Four Lectures 'On the Music of Ireland, Scotland, Wales and England,' by G. A. MACFARREN, Esq.

THURSDAYS, January 8th, 15th, 22nd; February 3rd, 1870.

Seventh Course.—Three Lectures 'On the Influence of the Fine Arts, more especially Painting, on Civilization,' by HENRY O'NEIL, Esq. A.R.A.

THURSDAYS, February 10th, 17th; March 3rd.

Eighth Course.—Twelve Lectures (being the Swiner Lectures) 'On the more important Results of Paleontological Investigation,' by T. SPENCER COBBOLD, Esq. M.D. F.R.S.F.L.S., Lecturer on Comparative Anatomy in the Medical School of the University of London.

THURSDAYS, March 10th, 17th, 24th; April 7th, 14th, 21st, 28th; May 5th, 12th, 19th, 26th; June 2nd.

CONVEGSAZIONI. WEDNESDAYS, at half-past Six; January 19th; February 16th; March 16th, 1870.

The Proprietors' Tickets will be sent to them as heretofore, together with the arrangements for their use.

No additional Ticket will be issued for the Music Lectures.

For any or all of the other Courses, Tickets may be purchased at the Institution on the following terms:—

For the Whole Series (except Music)	s. s. d.
For the Educational Lectures (Three Courses) ..	1 1 0
For the Travers Lectures	0 15 0
For ditto (any single Course)	0 7 6

During the Session, Professor WANKLYN will open a separate Class for instruction in Practical Chemistry. Particulars and terms may be learned by application at the Institution.

THOMAS PIPER, Hon. Sec.

London Institution, Sept. 23, 1869.

NATIONAL EDUCATION LEAGUE.

OBJECT.

The establishment of a system which shall secure the Education of every Child in England and Wales.

MEANS.

1. Local authorities shall be compelled by law to see that sufficient School accommodation is provided for every Child in their district.

2. The cost of founding and maintaining such Schools as may be required shall be provided out of Local Rates, supplemented by Government Grants.

3. All Schools aided by Local Rates shall be under the management of Local authorities, and subject to Government inspection.

4. All Schools aided by Local Rates shall be Unsectarian.

5. To all Schools aided by Local Rates admission shall be free.

6. School accommodation being provided, the State or the Local authorities shall have power to compel the attendance of children of suitable age not otherwise receiving education.

The FIRST GENERAL MEETING of the Members of the League will take place in BIRMINGHAM, on the 12th and 13th of October.

Full particulars can be obtained of the Secretary, FRANCIS ADAMS, at the Offices of the League, 47, Ann-street, Birmingham.

MR. W. MAW EGLEY has RESUMED his CLASSES for Young Ladies at 8, Westbourne-terrace.

Drawing and Painting in Water-Colours from Nature. Terms on application.

INSTRUCTION in NATURAL SCIENCE.

ALFRED W. BENNETT, M.A. B.Sc. (Lond.) F.L.S., lectures to Schools and Colleges on GEOLOGY, PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY and BOTANY. References to Principals and Head-Masters. Private instruction to Candidates for the London University's Scientific Examinations, and others.—Address 5, Park-village East, London, N.W.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SCRAPS for ALBUMS.

—A Stock of Half a Million unmounted PHOTOGRAPHS, from 1d. to 12s., each comprising Copies of Pictures by the Old and Modern Masters. Views of all parts of the World, &c. Parcels sent for selection and inspection. Catalogues and terms for two stamps.

A. MANSELL, Photographic Publisher, Gloucester.

LONDON LIBRARY, 12, St. James's-square.

London.—Founded in 1841.

Patron.—H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

President.—THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

The following are the terms of admission to this Library, which contains 85,000 Volumes of Ancient and Modern Literature, in various Languages.

Subscription, 3s. a year, or 2s. with Entrance fee of 6s.; Life Membership, 25l.

Fifteen Volumes are allowed to Country, and Ten to Town Members. Reading-room open from Ten to half-past Six.

Prospectus on application. CATALOGUE (New Edition), price 15s.; to Members, 10s. 6d.

ROBERT HARRISON, Secretary and Librarian.

LADIES and GENTLEMEN engaged in TUITION supplied with Stationery, Books, Maps, Globes, and all School requisites, on the most favourable terms, by EDWARD STANFORD, 6 and 7, Charing Cross, London, S.W., who will forward on application a Catalogue containing Descriptions and Samples of Copy and Ciphering Books, &c.; also Priced List of Books, Atlases, Maps, Globes, &c.

SKETCHING from NATURE.—LADIES' MORNING CLASSES, 41, Fitzroy-square.—Mr. BENJ. R. GREEN, Member of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, receives Ladies twice a week, for instruction in Drawing and Painting, both Figure and Landscape. Model Drawing and Perspective.

Classes re-assemble October 4th.

BANK of SOUTH AUSTRALIA. Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1847.—LETTERS of CREDIT and BILLS issued upon Adelaide and the principal Towns in South Australia. Drafts negotiated and collected. Money received on deposit for fixed periods, the terms for which may be ascertained at the Offices of the Bank, 54, Old Broad-street, London, E.C.

WILLIAM PURDY, Manager.

A COMFORTABLE HOME, with cheerful intelligent Society, is offered to a LADY or TWO SISTERS in a CLERGYMAN'S Family, residing in a healthy and beautiful Watering-Place of the South Coast. No other Boarders.—For further particulars, address ALFRA, care of W. Dawson & Sons, 121, Cannon-street, E.C.

COLONIAL INVESTMENTS.

THE CEYLON COMPANY, LIMITED.
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ENTHUSIASM is always respectable. Love of home is a sentiment worthy of regard. Yet, both may be carried too far. This exaggeration of good feeling was largely evidenced by a Bristol historian of the last century, named Barrett. He was a medical man, with a literary taste. His cultivation of the latter was probably no injury, but otherwise, to his patients. It certainly was not practised to the adornment of literature. A phial with some of last year's medicine in it is about as attractive and as likely to do good as this author's book, which is as dry as gentian but not so stimulating.

Mr. Barrett, however, had one quality. He loved his Bristol; and when he prepared to write about it he consulted Camden, and was both grieved and angry to find that the old writer thought very little of Bristol during the Saxon times. People who are proud of London have something of the same feeling with regard to *Cæsar*, who never mentioned that now famous metropolis, which, it is inferred, did not then exist. The Philo-Londoners, however, created the city, and saw it with the fine eye of imagination on the top of Ludgate Hill, stretching away westward. They probably fancy that detachments of Trinobantes paraded near the Tower, and that a troop of them might be seen daily, riding like the Life Guards between Whitehall and Regent's Park barracks. Mr. Barrett would have had Camden do some, thing like this fancy's sketch for Bristol. As the old writer neither could nor did do so, the more modern author gave to the City in the West as brilliant an origin as he could imagine for it, and he was not at all inclined to believe that it was a petty place even in the time of the Anglo-Saxons. The Social Science Association, who are shortly to meet there, will, it is to be supposed, not trouble themselves with a question which grievously afflicted the city's historian; but they will respect an enthusiasm which resembles their own. He had a good subject in hand, and he very much wished to improve it.

After all, there is something for Bristol to be proud of in its very position. If Coblenz is royally seated at the confluence of the Rhine and the Moselle, the commercial queen of the west is enthroned, as an enthusiastic local writer might say, at the confluence of the Avon and the Frome. She may be said, indeed, to be enthroned on two seats, a good deal in Gloucestershire and a little in Somersetshire; and hitherto without the catastrophe which is proverbially said to attend the sitting on two stools. Yes, the pride is justifiable that is entertained for the city by its citizens. It is connected, by rail, road, and canal, with the other chief commercial cities of England, and by the Bristol Channel with the whole world. Bristol was ever too wide-awake to lose any opportunity. Bristolians were quite aware that God's providence was not manifested by sending navigable rivers to great trading towns. They showed their comprehension of their uses by availing themselves of the water advantages of river and of channel, by beginning business near and upon them. The result is to be seen in its foundries, its metallic, glass, brick, chemical and colour works, its refineries, distilleries, and its numerous manufactories, from the building of ships to the making of pins, and of tobacco,—but what the tobacco is made of, Social Science, while it denounces the mate-

rial, may find itself inquiring in vain. Bristol deals largely in hemp and possesses a gaol and bridewell for some of its uses—but its imports and exports would take a volume to enumerate. Suffice it to say that Bristol has just accomplished its majority as a free port. The distinction was achieved in 1848; and had been well earned by the city having previously taken a wonderful start of all rivals by being the first port in Britain where regular steam communication was established with the North-American States. Not less was to be expected of a place which gave birth to the man by whom some portion of North America was discovered—Sebastian Cabot.

The inland trade of the Bristolians was a matter of surprise, in the seventeenth century, to curious foreigners who looked prylingly into commercial matters. Of these was a certain Don Gonzales, whose details may now fairly provoke a smile. "The shopkeepers of Bristol," he remarks, "who are in general wholesale men, have so great an inland trade that they maintain carriers, just as the London tradesmen do, not only to Bath and to Wells and Exeter, but to France and all the principal counties and towns from Southampton even to the banks of the Trent."

But the author of the *Life of Lord Keeper North* not only saw further than Don Gonzales, but he saw that the Bristol trade of his day went much further than the Don carried it. "It is remarkable there," he writes, "that all men that are dealers even in shop trades, launch into adventures by sea, chiefly to the West Indian plantations and Spain. A poor shopkeeper that sells candles will have a bale of stockings or a piece of stuff for Nevis or Virginia, &c.; and rather than fail, they will trade in men, as when they sent small rogues taught to prey, and who accordingly received actual transportation, even before any indictment found against them, for which my Lord Jeffries scoured them. In a word, pride and ostentation are publicly professed. Christenings and burials pompous beyond imagination. A man who dies worth 300*l.* will order 200*l.* of it to be laid out in his funeral procession."

There is something not a little amusing in the circumstance of "my Lord Jeffries" upholding the law by "scouring" the Bristolian authorities, who sold or sent men to slave in the plantations without any form of trial. A sort of Habitual Criminals' Act was in force without legal sanction. Loose fellows hanging on society were now and then swept together and despatched across the Atlantic as slaves, though they were not called so. That Jeffries should have been touched by this is a circumstance to be remarked; though it may be uncertain whether he was moved by compassion for the victims, or more by delight at an opportunity for scouring the free and easy magistrates.

Slave-dealing, however, was a most ancient branch of Bristolian industry. In very remote times, when peace and righteousness are supposed to have reigned in Ireland, the King of Leinster was bound to pay a heavy tribute, partly in stout men, partly in fair women and girls, to the King of Munster. Royal Leinster, however, shirked paying the tribute whenever he could, or he sent only old women, and he snapped his fingers at royal Munster. In this condition of things the Kings of Ulster and Connaught were bound by treaty to join Munster in bringing the recalcitrant Leinster to a sense of his situation by invading his territories, smiting the Leinster men hip and thigh, destroying crops, burning dwellings, and sweeping everything off that was worth conveying away. This process—serving was

done by the allied Kings against their fellow King and countrymen with an alacrity known to none but Irish Kings and men. The process, however, was unpleasing, and Leinster, after revolving the matter in his mind, resolved to get his female tribute, and probably the male too, from England. His slave galleys soon had their prows towards the Bristol Channel, on the shores of which they bought, or took, the fair beauties and the working men that Munster coveted. How far the early Bristol merchants were concerned in this traffic cannot now be conjectured; but a very pretty business in blondes and bumpkins seems to have been long carried on between the two countries—the Irish slave galleys returning to their shores with a freight of strength and beauty which probably had an effect on the noble but impoverished Irish race, not unlike that which the marrying of Winnefred the dairy-maid had on the very genteel but rather shaky line of the Bickerstaffs. That traffic in men was carried on much later we learn from North's life. Down to a much later period still, it existed, but with a notable variety of circumstance. The *Sallee rovers* were bold enough to come as far as Lundy Island in pursuit of their calling. They visited defenceless villages and stopped such ships as they dared, which were on their way to and from Bristol. The consequence was, as with others about the coast, that many a flaxen-headed ploughboy was to be seen in the Morocco fields, and many a fair-haired, blue-eyed and lively-tongued lass in the harems of Fez and about the market-place of Tangiers.

It is curious that as Burke saw in Birmingham only the great toy-shop of Europe, so Walpole saw in Bristol only—but, "*ava narret Ulysses*," let him say what he saw:—"I did go to Bristol" (this was the Bristol of a hundred years ago), "the dirtiest great shop I ever saw, with so foul a river that, had I seen the least appearance of cleanliness, I should have concluded that they washed all their linen in it, as they do at Paris." But there were other things with which Walpole was struck. "Going into the town," he remarks, "I was struck with a large Gothic building, coal black and striped with white: I took it for the Devil's Cathedral. When I came nearer I found it was a uniform castle, lately built, and serving for stables and offices to a smart false Gothic house on the other side of the road." The then new church of St. Nicholas the amateur critic pronounced to be "neat and truly Gothic." We will add, that the water which Walpole abused has been praised by others. It had—perhaps has—the virtue of keeping its purity for any length of time, provided the containing vessel was pure. This was attributed to the lime which was to be found in the water. The old direction, however, would seem to imply that lime was a necessary addition. A pint of quicklime, it was said, should be put into every butt of water, when it is filled.

Of the architectural beauties of the city, the members of the Social Science Association and the visitors generally will be able to judge for themselves, especially if they have the critical eye for these things which Walpole had. Some years ago a Bristol lady, Mrs. Rose Pocock, skillfully succeeded in reproducing, as it were, the ancient air of the modern city. In a series of large folio lithograph drawings the chief beauties in the architecture of Bristol were represented—houses, gates, streets, &c., still existing, but with the personages in the costume of the olden time. This, perhaps, is as ingenious a way as could be contrived whereby to convey the truest idea of what the old city looked like; and we counsel those who may visit the various

museums and libraries to inquire after those now somewhat scarce drawings, and to see how admirably the artist has succeeded in her object.

This subject brings us to the consideration of Bristolians, of whom their native city has reason to be proud. We have named Sebastian Cabot, who was certainly born in Bristol. If the child's nationality follows the father's, Sebastian Cabot was a Venetian; but still Bristol was his birthplace, and an English king was happy to charter him as a discoverer, and to forget him when Sebastian had done his work. But Cabot and Bristol are inseparable, if for no other reason certainly for this—Cabot was the first man who discovered and touched any of the mainland of North America, and Bristol, as we have said, was the first British port that established steam communication with that very land. Thus the man and the place are connected, and it is only to be hoped that Bristol has not forgotten her son, as King Henry did; nor been as indifferent to him as Lyme Regis to Captain Coram—quite ignorant that such a man ever existed.

Strange contrast there is between this Bristolian and another, of whom Bristol seems hardly to know whether to be proud or not, namely, Chatterton. That marvellous boy was Bristol born and descended, with no more spirit of travel in him than sufficed to take him from obscure life and smart practices in Bristol to famine, poison, and a death of anguish in a wretched room in Brooke Street, Holborn. Chatterton deceived half a world, but Cabot called half a hemisphere into life. There was grand poetry in both, but Cabot's work was alike more poetical and more real. It is no longer to be questioned, we suppose, that Rowley's poems are by Chatterton, but how a lad could write so well in the character of the old poet-monk, and so ill—one might often say so nastily—when he wrote in his own character, is a question that seems to defy solution. About Cabot there is an air, indeed, of romance, mingled with a real freshness and earnestness and honest bravery and simplicity; but Chatterton is hardly a person, much less a poet, to be proud of. There was, perhaps, within him that streak upon the brain which pales or intensifies, according to impulses and influences, and which is eccentricity on one day and madness on another. Take away "Rowley" and only Chatterton remains. If Rowley ever existed, all the merit that has attached itself to Chatterton evaporates. If Chatterton invented him and his works, he displayed the utmost of knavish cleverness; but the effort ruined him. What might have made, marred him. The energy that should have led its possessor to noble accomplishments was exhausted by an effort which was itself made to uphold a brilliant but delusive pretence. The work begun in secret, at night, by the doubtful candle-light, and all to mock the world, led to that arrogant and abject life in London, to the fitful spasms of work, the unclean verses, the hunger, the suicide, and the pauper's grave in Shoe Lane.

Chatterton came to London without a friend to bid him God speed at his going, to welcome his arrival, or to cheer him in his brief struggle. Lawrence (the painter) was not so friendless; though he might have come to an end almost as dark but for his industry. This Bristol boy, too, had to fight his way hardly. He lived in modest lodgings and timidly asked modest prices. In his fifth year in London, that is, in 1789, when he was located in Jermyn Street, Lawrence was painting anybody's portrait at ten guineas, and was winning so much praise as to make him think of raising

his price. Thirty years later he was the petted painter of kings and kaisers, and of high-born ladies who liked to look as beautiful as Lawrence could make them, and as they were not. The flattery which brought fortune into Lawrence's lap was not exclusively exercised for the delight of ladies and the delusion of their descendants. He exercised it quite as freely and as successfully on men. The portrait he painted of the Regent in 1818 was not that of a man approaching sixty, but of a gay young fellow of the foppish period, and, as all Lawrence's portraits were, a little like Lawrence and not unlike everybody else. This courtesy to sitters followed the painter into his official duties at the Academy. The once humble Bristol boy wore a court dress with the grace and ease of a French comedian. He spoke well too, without which accomplishment a President is but half a president; and his courtly style so much impressed his comrades that when he died it was said among them that only Shee or Phillips could succeed Lawrence, for no others of the Academy wore powder. It is not unworthy of notice that Lawrence's style of tempering age with a young expression was adopted early, and it pleased even his brethren and rivals. Tresham (an artist and a poet, whose pictures and verses are alike forgotten) alluded to that style in a poem in six cantos, published in 1797—

Born to subdue with touch or smooth or crisp,
And rich in style ere others learn to lip;
See Lawrence sportively, 'twixt Taste and Truth,
Twine Autumn's treasures with the rose of Youth.

There was one other humble Bristol boy who has left a name honourable to English literature. Ninety-five years have elapsed since the birth of Robert Southey gave joy to the little household of a Bristol linen-draper. With all his bright promise his career seemed impeded, when at twenty years of age this church student quitted Oxford, renounced his calling, terrified the pious Bristolians especially by his free-inquiry sort of system with regard to religion, and scandalized all old church-and-king men by his Wat Tyler sort of ideas with respect to people and kings. Out of this effervescence—and Coleridge and Wordsworth boiled up in the same way—came ultimately one of the most unreserved of churchmen and one of the most uncompromising of royalists that ever lived. Better still, Southey was one of the hardest of workers and most honest of men. Bristol has good right to be as proud of Southey as of its philanthropist merchant, Colston, who, like Southey, was as fierce a Tory and as high a churchman as could be found in their respective days. Both left all they had to benefit posterity. Colston's charities are the boast of Bristol, and to its exceeding great benefit. Southey's legacy is less material, but not less splendid. It is in the best of those literary works, the titles of the whole of which would alone occupy a goodly-sized volume.

With regard to Colston, it is to be observed that much of his trade was with Spain, and chiefly in fruit and oils. We do not suppose that, to his knowledge, his ships ever brought anything with them but fruit and oils; yet Spanish books did occasionally get into Bristol by ships from Spain, which dreadfully terrified all magistrates who could not read them, and set those who could to writing distractedly to the authorities, to show their alacrity in putting down everything likely to aid in setting up Papistry again in England. In Colston's time, perhaps, the authorities were not so careful about the matter as in the preceding reigns. It is certain that in Elizabeth's and in James's reigns there were sharp-eyed men in the port of Bristol employed to detect unwelcome Spanish literature,—though even a Breviary in the

Spanish tongue would have been harmless enough, one would think,—and who were unable to see with their eyes what passed, and what perhaps they did not choose to detect, under the shadow of their noses. In other respects it seems to have been the delight of the rascally which sat at the receipt of custom in Elizabeth's days to cheat Her Majesty's treasury.

Bristol has some warlike reminiscences. It shared in the fortunes of the great civil wars of the days of Stephen, Richard the Second, and of Charles the First. They who are curious regarding the military history of Bristol during the seventeenth century may be safely referred to the 14th volume of the 'Archæologia.' They will there find a good deal of what they are in search of, and see what the outworks of Bristol were like in the eventful year 1644. It would be no unpleasant, though a perplexing, task for the members of the Social Science Association to compare the ground as it is now with what it was when upturned by these works two centuries and a quarter ago. Whether the author, Mr. Turner, was, or was not, a Bristol man we cannot say, but he was descended from an ancestor who was appointed treasurer of Bristol by letters patent of Charles the First.

But Bristol does not concern itself particularly about "villanous saltpetre," except the price it may fetch in the market. Its pride is in being one of the most commercial ports in the kingdom, and in having had a trade before Liverpool (which has now gone ahead of it) had anything but a name, and did not know the meaning even of *that*. Kings too—at least, a king—have been proud to distinguish Bristol. Henry the Second was educated there,—John was "Lord" of it (by right of his wife),—Edward the Third gave the Bristolians their charter,—Henry the Fourth took their castle, by way of helping himself to be the king, which he then was not,—and Henry the Seventh was often within the walls. When the first Great Exhibition was about to open, a consignment of articles to be exhibited was made by a king to a firm of Bristol merchants. The king was the King of Dahomey, but his consignment did not consist of the skulls of his enemies.

The independent see of Bristol is not so old as its port. It has lasted about 300 years. The diocese was founded in 1542, being one of the half-dozen sees erected by Henry the Eighth out of the former property of monasteries and other religious houses, then disestablished. It ceased to be in 1836, when, by an Order in Council, the see was united with that of Gloucester. The first bishop was Paul Bushe, Provincial of the Bonshommes, who was consecrated in 1542, but who resigned the see two years later, on the accession of Mary. Bushe died in retirement, in 1558. The forty-third and last prelate was Bishop Allen. He was elected in 1834, and translated to Ely in 1836; in which diocese he died in 1845.

Of the united dioceses of Gloucester and Bristol there have been four bishops—Monck, Baring (translated to Durham), Thomson (translated to York), and Dr. Ellicott, the present prelate. It is to be observed that in the sixteenth century Cheney and Bullingham were respectively bishops of the united dioceses, holding Gloucester, by dispensation, with Bristol. There is one instance of a bishop of Bristol having been translated to the primacy of all England—Thomas Secker, in 1758, but passing first from Bristol to Oxford. One, the celebrated Hugh Boulter, Bishop of Bristol from 1719 to 1723, was translated to the Irish primacy of Armagh, in the latter year.

Among other prelates of note may be reckoned Smallridge (1714–19), who so gravely assured

Barton Booth that his *Cato*, of which Booth was the original representative, was more practically instructive than many a sermon. Secker and Joseph Butler may be said to be two of the most noteworthy of the Bishops, as they were schoolfellows, and dissenters, before they entered the Church, in which one rose to the primacy, and Butler (who was Bishop of Bristol from 1737 to 1750) died Bishop of Durham in 1752. High Churchmen used to doubt whether the baptism of George the Third was valid, since it was administered by Secker, who had been a dissenter! As for Butler, he needs no praise, but we may say of him that he is the author of a book ('*The Analogy of Religion*') which is universally known, seldom or never read, and when read found to be an exercise very hard indeed to modern brains accustomed to easy, light-going literature. Spencer Madan (1792-94) is often mistaken for a more celebrated man—Martin Madan, a divine who died in 1790, and who was thought to have forfeited his right to have anything to do with divinity by the publication of his famous book, '*Thelyphthora*,' which was a greater apology for polygamy generally, than Bishop Colenso made for polygamy among those Zulus who were content to come over to Christianity provided they might bring with them all their wives, if possible, but, at all events, their young ones. Spencer Madan was succeeded by Henry Reginald Courtenay.

It is a mark of the times that when Bishop Courtenay delivered his primary visitation charge to the clergy of the diocese in 1796, he excited the public surprise and approval by attacking the system of non-residence and Archdeacon Paley's apology for it. The Archdeacon's view was that if a clergyman does his share of duty, it is indifferent whether he perform it in his own parish or that of another. The Bishop refuted this silly opinion of a wise man with equal ardour and success. On another point, he made some remarks that may now justify a smile. Some of the fugitive French clergy of that day had found their way into the Bristol diocese, where they supported themselves partly by teaching. While the prelate approved of the course taken by the Bristol clergy of treating these poor and respectable fugitives with the utmost kindness, he seriously cautioned them not to suffer their compassion to "warp them from their watchfulness over the Protestant cause." The pleasant village of France Hay, near Bristol, is said to derive half its name from the French colony of exiles, or prisoners, settled there in the days of the yet unfinished French Revolution. That they were treated with hospitality is certain. Bristol liked to be foremost in this as in other things, and was rather jealous of Liverpool for possessing a School for the Indigent Blind as early as that of Bristol, which was founded in 1793.

Not a few of these prelates were very profound scholars; one of them, at least, was a wit, namely, William Lort Mansell (1808-20), whose neat and clever epigrams have never been collected. The time for accomplishing that pleasant and useful task has, we fear, gone by. Mansell was succeeded by one who was rather wise than witty—John Kaye (1820-27), who died Bishop of Lincoln in 1853. It was the distinction of Kaye to have risen from a very humble situation. His parents were at one time not very flourishing shopkeepers. Kaye, whenever he preached a sermon in behalf of schools, and he sometimes did so where humble relations were proud to hear him, always referred to his own course, as an encouragement to the lads in whose behalf he spoke, and who might get on in the world, in various degrees, but still get on, if, having opportunity, they had the

sense to seize it, ability to profit by it, and perseverance and industry and honesty, to enable them to build up a name for themselves, and a reputation for their children and their children's children to boast of.

All these men were proud of that fine old Cathedral which so nearly perished in those famous Bristol riots, of about forty years ago. More than 100,000*l.* worth of property was destroyed, and some of the destroyers were sent to the gallows, although they were only political offenders. The Cathedral was saved by the exertions of a few dissenters, and this fact is much to their credit.

Bristol has not been so long connected with the peerage as many other cities have been. It gave local title to Digby, Earl of Bristol, in 1622. He was the father of the notorious Earl who turned Papist, when he was abroad, by the instigation of Don John of Austria. This incapacitated him from holding any office in England. Digby, however, attributed his exclusion to the interference of the Chancellor, and he consequently planned the ruin of Clarendon, which was but too successfully accomplished. The respect his son and successor had for his father and religion was shown by his ejection of the stone coffins containing the remains of Abbots at Sherborne, when the Digby mausoleum was erected there. After the death, in 1698, of this son, childless, brought the earldom in the Digby line to a close, the title was not renewed till 1714, when it was conferred on the first Baron Hervey of Ickworth, one of that race which was supposed to form a third division of creation, which was fancifully described as consisting of men, women and Herveys. Three brothers, his grandsons, succeeded this earl, the last of whom was the eccentric Bishop of Derry, of whom, as of many Herveys, countless anecdotes are told of different degrees of authenticity. This prelate's son, who succeeded in 1803, was created Marquis of Bristol in 1826, and died the oldest member of the House of Lords in 1859. Since that period, his son and grandson have succeeded to the title. In these two families of Digby and Hervey is to be found all connexion between Bristol and the peerage.

We conclude with a hope that the Social Science Association may settle the question why, in olden times, a man who married a Bristol woman became free of the city. It has been construed unfavourably to the weaker sex, as if they were like Bristol diamonds—things which men would be ashamed to wear in their bosoms. It is a question for Miss Becker.

The Witness of St. Paul to Christ, being the Boyle Lecture for 1869; with an Appendix on the Credibility of the Acts, &c. By the Rev. S. Leathes, M.A. (Rivingtons.)

NEARLY two hundred years ago the Hon. Robert Boyle settled, in his will, that the sum of 50*l.* per annum for ever, or at least for a considerable number of years, should be the annual salary of some "learned divine or preaching minister" for delivering eight sermons, in which the truth of the Christian religion should be proved against "notorious infidels." What has become of all these sermons? Many have been published, but few have been read. Have they converted any considerable number of notorious infidels? Have they established the truth of the Christian religion by new and irrefragable arguments? It is to be feared that the good they have done is an unknown and inappreciable quantity; that they have been all but useless, because heard by few, and read by still fewer.

Nor is the case of the Boyle Lecture singular. The long series of the Bampton Lectures is

well-nigh forgotten; the Hulsean ones excited little attention; and the Dissenting "Congregational Lecture" died after a short existence, because the quality of the series degenerated till it was killed by a volume of antiquated and what some would call repulsive Calvinism about the Covenants.

The present work is a laboured attempt to extract from the four larger epistles of St. Paul, together with the Acts, the apostle's testimony to certain cardinal facts constituting what is termed "the gospel." For this purpose, the author surveys the early history, conversion, faith, courage, influence, moral teaching, mission and revelation of St. Paul. If it were a mere volume of ordinary sermons, we should dismiss it with a word or two; but as it professes to be founded on a critical survey of St. Paul's larger epistles, and to contain an argument against unbelievers, a brief estimate of its value as such is demanded. That value is small. The work is made up of theological assumptions, some futile, others needing proof. Its spirit may be gathered from the fact that though the will of Mr. Boyle expressly forbids a descent to "controversies existing among Christians themselves," Mr. Leathes justifies departure from the injunction, intimating that critics who deny the resurrection of Christ come under the class of "notorious infidels," though he must know that some of his clerical brethren hold that position.

The zeal of our author on behalf of the truth, as he considers it, is laudable. He spares no pains in setting forth his case, and pressing it strongly. But we should not choose him for its advocate. Had he confined himself to a mere sermonizing explanation, he would have done good service to that old-fashioned gospel which the majority do well to cling to. In assuming, however, the attitude of a reasoner, a critic, a scholar, and arguing accordingly, he takes ground for which he is unsuited. Emphatic in assertion, interpretations and inferences amount to assumptions. The men whom he opposes, *i.e.* "the adversaries, the half-believers," &c., will smile at his epithets, and in the consciousness of motives probably as pure as his own, will pass by the charge of wishing to get rid of the spiritual truth of Scripture, and carefully excluding everything that appeals to the conscience, the feelings, or the will in dealing with the Sacred Book.

It is apparent that the author has not rightly studied the gospels or any other parts of the New Testament, except the four larger epistles of St. Paul and the Acts of the Apostles. It is equally evident that he has not attended to the distinctive peculiarities of the writers. Hence he has made assertions transparently incorrect.

A few sentences will show the preacher's manner and position better than any description. "The lives of a John Bunyan, a Richard Baxter, or a Henry Martyn are a standing miracle. They are inexplicable except upon one hypothesis. And the death-bed of every Christian now-a-days is a miracle likewise." "The life of the believing Christian is a supernatural phenomenon," &c. "The very existence of the epistle to the Galatians is a like phenomenon, and so also is the history of St. Paul." "Every one who has really imbibed the spirit of any single writer in the New Testament feels his essential agreement with all the rest." Luther did not feel this agreement between St. Paul and St. James; yet Mr. Leathes asserts "the substantial identity of the gospel they preached." "There must have been many, at whatever possible age we fix the composition of the Acts, who at that time could have detected the writer in any flagrant departure from the truth." At sixty years' interval between

St. Paul's death and the date of the book? "No one supposes the apostles were infallible, the records prove the contrary. But for all that, the gospel delivered by them may have been, and been intended to be, *authoritative*; and this also the records prove, if we will accept them." *How and to what extent authoritative*, we are not informed. "Faith is the conclusion to which reason must *jump*, and to which it jumps not unreasonably."

The Appendix, in which the author tries criticism proper against Dr. Davidson, is an inefficient attempt to refute arguments which may be vulnerable, but are not proved to be so. It is a notable failure. Its criticism is of the nibbling order, for which alone the author appears to be qualified. A comprehensive survey, marked by depth and acuteness, is beyond his grasp. He deals with small matters one by one, without an appreciation of the cumulative force belonging to them as a whole. Mr. Leathes excels in assertion tinged with a spice of the *odium theologum*: in argument he does not shine. He asks questions, and answers them to his own satisfaction. He replies to an argument by a "Why not?" Such is his logic. "I ask what is the obvious and unquestionable character of its ordinary historic element? There is only one answer to be given." Nothing is easier than this way of writing—nothing more uncritical.

The style is awkward, rough, inelegant; and the sentences are sometimes ungrammatical. Yet fine writing is sometimes attempted, as in the ninety-seventh and ninety-eighth pages; and then the effect is almost ludicrous, like the mock-heroic in poetry.

The volume will not succeed in arresting the attention of scholars, or hindering the progress of their investigations, because its direct tendency is to impede free inquiry, and prejudice the mind against it. We do not, therefore, admire the tone; as for the argumentation, it is feeble indeed. By all means let critics like Baur, Zeller, Davidson, Renan, be confuted, if they can be, by arguments such as their own. But let them not be consigned to the region of infidels or adversaries of Christianity, "whose object is to get possession of the citadel of truth, and to drive out from it the garrison of faith, to dethrone the Most High, and to rob the Anointed of his crown." The language of bigotry reflects no honour on ambitious divines; and charity is a most excellent gift, which plain men like to see in those who should preach it by virtue of their office. It is a matter of indifference to the public whether Mr. Leathes's reason jumps to the conclusion of faith, or whether he firmly believes, as he says he does, in the *divine origin* of the Apostles' Creed; but the interests of literature require the absence of harshness towards such as differ in opinion. He raises up imaginary difficulties, and leads his readers to infer that the enemies he fights with deny what they do not; but he sometimes betrays unconsciously his own heterodoxy by surrendering apostolic infallibility, and admitting the *share* St. Luke had in recording Paul's speeches. Taste is shocked by his speaking of the *blood of God*; but that is a harmless thing compared with his exact definition of the particular confession of faith, "without which we cannot be received into the mystic body of the faithful." Were it not out of place in a literary journal, we might specify how far we sympathize in the writer's opinions, for they are right to some extent; but it is impossible not to perceive that he is often incorrect, that his advocacy of a certain belief is poor, his critical faculty narrow, his knowledge of the New Testament writings platitudinarian, his dogmatism distasteful. The

wounds which orthodoxy receives in the house of its friends are sore and serious. If this be the fruit of the Boyle bequest, the sooner it is applied to a different purpose the better.

Colorado: its Resources, Parks and Prospects, as a New Field for Emigration. By William Blackmore. (Low & Co.)

THIS large and well-printed volume, with its three excellent maps and its promise of copious information, does not really add much to our knowledge of Colorado. Mr. Bayard Taylor's book, which was reviewed some time since in these columns, and the passing allusions in 'New America' and 'Greater Britain,' give us a sufficiently tempting account of that new territory, with its grand upland valleys, its wealth of vegetable and mineral resources and its magnificent scenery. The book we now have before us is a mere compilation. It gives at some length the statements of American guide-books and of American newspapers, from the *New York Herald* down to the *Rocky Mountain News*, and it winds up with a series of letters from bishops and professors and delegates and recorders. But as a great many of these statements go over the same ground, as few of them are precise in their language, and the vice of conventional exaggeration seems common to them all, they hardly answer the purpose of either those who read for use or those who read for entertainment. The amount of actual information given us is small, though it is sometimes valuable. The introductory matter from the midst of which it has to be picked out, and which recurs in almost every paper, so as to show a singular unanimity among the writers, might well have been condensed or got rid of. Still, when all this is said, the prospects that are held out to emigrants may make it worth some people's while to study the book, and to take so much trouble with it as will suffice to utilize its information.

A Report from Governor Gilpin, whose name is so inseparably connected with Colorado, gives a cheerful account of its climate. He recommends it both to the invalid and the voluptuary. "The contour of surface," he says, rather vaguely, "affords great facility for choice of temperature and density of atmosphere. A ride of two hours over the plains, always hard and smooth, and six hours of mountain travel either by private conveyance or the six-horse coach, over roads pronounced the best of the kind in the world, and through the grandest of scenery, carries one from the summer heat of the valley through the intermediate grades of climate to an altitude where an overcoat is a comfort by day and a blazing fire a necessity by night. Good inns are to be found on all the roads, and settlements, with public and private houses, having the refinements as well as the comforts of life, hang upon the mountains 10,000 feet above the level of the sea." These attractions may clearly be intended for the voluptuary. But another part of the book speaks in very different terms of the kind of immigrants wanted in Colorado, and rather abates the lavish desire of hospitality shown by the Governor. The producing class is wanted, we are told, — farmers, stock-raisers, wool-growers, dairymen, miners, labourers. Doctors are not in demand: the climate is too healthy. "Fast young men, who are only useful in carrying a gold-headed cane, will not find it a paying business. Neither do rogues or the light-fingered thrive. They soon become afflicted with a throat disease, caused by too close contact with a rope provided by a vigilant arrangement." No doubt, too, this system of law renders lawyers unnecessary. Honest labour, says

the writer emphatically, is in constant demand. "There is plenty, and room for all. The poorest may become a peer if the stuff is in him; and, as a boy wrote to his father in the East, 'Some very small men are elected to office here; you had better come on.' " Fortunes, however, are no longer made in a day. The only inducement that can be held out to capital, labour and machinery is a maximum of 100 per cent. on each investment. Yet even this may be worth trying after.

The writers in this book are, of course, severe on those who refused to believe in the future of Colorado, and pronounced Governor Gilpin mad for attacking the "Great American Desert." As this name happened to be assigned to the Colorado region on the maps which "thick-skulled gentry in the Eastern States project on cheap paper with lamp black and pokeberry juice for the benefit of the rising generation," the early settlers expected to be buried under the snow the first winter. Great was their surprise, too, when they found that some grain which had been accidentally dropped in a garden at Denver sprang up into fine healthy wheat. As a sample of the vegetable production of Colorado, we are told that when a lady in Denver sent her little boy to market for a small cabbage, he returned with a 16-pounder, which was the smallest he could find in the town. We are assured, too, that the inhabitants of Denver are not quite such savages as strangers expect to find them. "The poor benighted heathen from abroad," says one writer, "arrives expecting to meet people dressed in skins, a revolver in each hand, and a bowie knife between their teeth." The actual state of civilization is hinted at rather than described in full; but probably the "producing class" will not care much for the luxuries and comforts of life if it can feel itself safe from personal violence.

The Poets of Greece. By Edwin Arnold. (Cassell, Petter & Galpin.)

NOR having succeeded after a tolerably careful perusal of this handsome volume in discovering that it has any *raison d'être*, we think it only fair to allow Mr. Arnold to explain in his own words the object which he conceived himself to have in view in writing it. "In the times which are coming," he says in his Preface, "the classical languages will be less studied, probably, than they have been. Modern life tends more and more towards practical or scientific education; and although nothing can ever depose Hellas from her throne of grace and power among nations of the past, there is fear that 'the glory which was Greece' will have less and less influence upon young minds. Mr. Froude, Mr. Lowe, and many high authorities do not greatly deplore this change; yet that which the epic and lyric art of the Greeks gave to the student will never be given so perfectly by any other language; and if Plato were not still the greatest of philosophers, and Herodotus the best of antiquaries, the human intellect would nevertheless have to go back to Hellenic times for the most exquisite achievements in poetry as in sculpture and architecture. These pages have been accordingly composed with the double hope of reminding the scholar of the variety and beauty of Greek verse, and of introducing these at the same time to the ordinary reader. . . . I have attempted no more, in truth, than to pass down the ages of Hellenic song, mentioning with homage the names of the 'chief musicians,' and citing from their music enough to give a just idea of its character; while many of the minor minstrels are also noted, and some that were almost for-

gotten, even by students, are restored to their poetic rights. By quoting the Greek text of each passage, I have hoped to make the book a 'horilegium' even for the learned. Meantime an English version under each citation renders it one from which the general reader may derive a fair view of the genius of Hellenic poesy. . . . Large, therefore, as the labour of this volume has been, it makes but slight pretensions. It merely seeks to popularize, if possible, the wealth of the scholar—to democratize classical learning a little; and if critics shall say, 'He hath been at a great feast of languages and stolen the scraps,' that is almost precisely what I wished to do on behalf of those for whom I have always written and thought most."

Let us examine the statements made in the foregoing extract, and consider how far they justify Mr. Arnold in thinking that his work will satisfy an existing want. In future, he thinks, Greek and Latin will not form the staple of education, and in consequence young minds will miss those advantages which they might have derived from the study of Greek poetry. Now it is quite true that there is reason to believe (and, as we should say, to hope) that Greek and Latin will soon cease to be the staple of general education; but we do not think that either classical learning or general education will suffer in consequence. The old system is so firmly rooted in England that all those for whom language is the best instrument of education will still have ample inducement to study Greek and Latin, whilst those who abandon the scientific study of the classical tongues will be for the most part those who, had they been subjected to the old curriculum, would never have acquired a sufficient knowledge of them to gain by this channel the culture of which Mr. Arnold speaks. It may be true (though we doubt it) that "the human intellect must go back to Hellenic times for the most exquisite achievements in poetry," but there are comparatively few out of the hundreds who annually leave our public schools who have learnt to appreciate the form, and still fewer who have learnt to appreciate the matter, of the great authors whose works are put into their hands. Greek poetry may be better than English poetry; but does Greek poetry maintain its superiority when it is perused by the assistance of Mr. Bohn's somewhat bald translations? Classical learning will gain by the exclusion of sciolists, and the sooner it ceases to be an educational instrument indiscriminately applied, the better both for itself and for the educational interests of the community. It may be some consolation to Mr. Arnold to learn that there are signs of a reaction in favour of classical studies: in particular it is remarkable that many of those more enlightened schoolmistresses who have recently been agitating for the improvement of female education speak strongly in their behalf, and that the proportion of young ladies who know some Latin and a little Greek is on the increase. However this may be, is Mr. Arnold's labour of love likely either to prevent the classics from falling into contempt, or to spare the unlearned the necessity of becoming learned? It was composed, he says, "with the double hope of reminding the scholar of the variety and beauty of Greek verse, and of introducing these at the same time to the ordinary reader." But how many scholars ever refresh their memory of the classics by reading a delectus of Greek poetry? Few, if any, we are inclined to think; and of all the anthologies we have ever seen Mr. Arnold's is the one least likely to gratify a scholar, as the passages selected for quotation are trite, and too much of the book is taken up with Mr. Arnold's declamation

about the poets whose works he "seeks to popularize."

On the other hand, we do not venture to hope that 'The Poets of Greece' will have much effect on the unlearned reader. The quotations are not numerous, and have not been very well selected. The translations are only tolerably good. Mr. Arnold has a fondness for English hexameters, and confines himself almost entirely to this metre. His lines are neither better nor worse than the average. But if we damn with faint praise Mr. Arnold's versions, we must be permitted to condemn in the most distinct terms the criticisms which form the padding of the volume. Out of the fifty-four pages assigned to Homer more than thirty consist of remarks such as the following:—

"The two majestic productions came surely from one and the same rich source; the manners and dialect are the same; the morality, the sentiments, the touch, the *cachet*, are identical. One presents the fighting times, the other the sea-journeys of the prehistoric Greek age, and both are assuredly his for the honour of whose birth seven Hellenic cities contended. Did they contend about a myth? Do not credit it, good reader! There is one voice throughout which resounds in these magnificent chants—one hand which touches the many-stringed lyre into pathos or pean—one divinely-gifted heart, which, in the dim first days, poured forth the diaphanous of this masculine Greek music."

There is no need to examine the reasoning of this passage. In fact, Mr. Arnold seems to mistake assertion for argument.

At p. 35 we have the following delineation of the character of Ulysses:—

"Ulysses, doubly important because he is the hero of the second poem of this duology, never once loses his character as *πολύμητις*. He fights like a cunning man, and plots like a brave one; he has neither any cowardice in him, nor any imprudence—nor, to speak the truth, very much true elevation of soul. He is Common Sense in splendid armour—a mailed *père de famille*; wise, substantial, vulgar, but as practical as a British taxpayer. The clear, broad lines in which Homer paints this favourite of Pallas—as also the companion portrait of Æneas, the Trojan prince—are almost as strong as proof can be to the careful student that one and the same genius created or recalled to life the grand company of captains amid which these live and move."

We submit that the Ulysses here described is not the Ulysses of Homer, but the Ulysses whom Mentor describes to Telemachus in Fénelon's romance.

As we have spoken slightly of Mr. Arnold's versions, it is but just that we should give a specimen or two of his performances. The first extract is from the Twenty-second Book of the Odyssey:—

τοὺς δὲ ἴδεν μάλα πάντας ἐν αἵματι καὶ κοῦρῳ
πεπνιγῶτας πολλοὺς, ὥς τ' ἰχθύας, οὐς θ' ἀλιεῖς
κοῖλον ἐξ αἰγιαλὸν πολλῆς ἐκτοσθε θαλάσσης
διττόφ' ἐξέρυσαν πολυπῶρ' οἱ δὲ τε πάντες
κύμαθ' ἄλδος ποθίοντες ἐπὶ ψαμάθοισι κέχυνται·
τῶν μὲν τ' ἥλιος φαῖθων ἐξείλετο θυμόν.
ὥς τότ' ἄρα μνηστῆρες ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι κέχυντο.

All, wherever he gazed, lay motionless, bloody and dusty,
Tumbled together and foul: like fish that the fisherman
gathers
Out of the foamy sea, and hales on the brink of the
shingle.
There they sprawl, gills wide, heaped head and tail, and
the sunshine
Dries them where they lie on the yellow bend of the sea-
shore.
Just so the suitors lay, like a haul of fish, on the pave-
ment.

Here several important words and ideas are entirely omitted, and one or two very inappropriate substitutes introduced. The words *διττόφ'* *πολυπῶρ'*, and *κύμαθ' ἄλδος ποθίοντες*, are not represented at all in the English; and "the sunshine dries them" is a very feeble version of the vigorous line—

τῶν μὲν τ' ἥλιος φαῖθων ἐξείλετο θυμόν.

On the other hand, the words "motionless," "heaped head and tail," and "the yellow bend of the seashore" are Mr. Arnold's own; and it is not likely that any future translator will interfere with his right to the monopoly of them.

Our other extract gives a more favourable impression of his powers. It is a version of a fragment of an Epithalamium of Sappho:—

οἶον τὸ γλυκύμαλον ἰρεύθεται ἄκρῳ ἐπ' ὄσφ'
ἄκρον ἐπ' ἀκροτάτῳ· λελάθοντο δὲ μαλοδρῶπες·
οὐ μὲν ἐκλελάθοντ', ἀλλ' οὐκ ἰδύναντ' ἐφικέσθαι.
Grown to her rosy grace like the rose-apple, high on the
branches,
Hanging highest of all—so high that the canker-worms
miss it—

Nay, not "miss it," in truth, but cannot in any way reach it.

Mr. Arnold attempts to defend Sappho from what he calls "the unpleasant scandal of the ages"; but, as his defence consists in a sentimental appeal to the jury and a suggestion that the "Tenth Muse" may have been accredited with the misdeeds of the other Sappho, Sappho of Eresus, we fear that his pleading will avail little against the damaging arguments marshalled by Col. Mure in his 'Literature of Ancient Greece.'

If this volume is intended as an Anthology of Greek Poetry, too much space has been given to Homer and Theocritus, too little to those minor minstrels whose works are not generally read as wholes. In particular, we note that there are no extracts from Apollonius Rhodius, whose poem has fallen into unmerited neglect in England. There are many passages in his 'Argonautics' which, for picturesque beauty and glowing description, almost rival Spenser's 'Faerie Queene.' Mr. Arnold devotes to him only a few lines of meagre criticism.

Although we cannot recommend this volume either to the lover of poetry or to the scholar, we conceive that it will obtain a certain circulation as an Eton leaving-book and as a school prize. It is handsomely printed and bound.

Popular Political Economy. Par H. Baudril-
lart. (Hachette & Co.)

ALTHOUGH upon men with time and strength for resolute study, in these days of abundant literature, the office of the oral instructor has become so comparatively inoperative and powerless for good, that the question continually arises whether the time has not come for its suppression in our superior schools, the case is far otherwise with adults of sluggish minds, who are required to pass the greater portion of their wakeful hours in manual toil, and who, after the day's exhausting duties, have neither the will nor energy to apply to hard reading. For such persons much may still be done by the adroit and artful lecturer, who knows how to arouse the curiosity of his auditors, and lure them into mental effort by appealing alternately to their sense of humour, their self-esteem, and their self-interest. Men of the finer and robust sort may be left to draw learning and the habit of thinking from books; but ordinary adults, who have not freed themselves from the aimlessness and frivolity of childhood, and whose intellectual tendency is more in the direction of indolent repose than healthful activity, require the master's eye, and voice, and gesture to lift them from their customary torpor and prick them into quick paces. For such mere children of manly age, the lecture-room has more attractions and beneficial forces than the library, where they can scarcely find diversion in novels, and are prone to fall asleep over the pages of sterner literature. For them the lecturer is the thing, and orators are powerful agents in the

right direction, when they do their work with the tact, and heartiness, and sympathy which characterize M. Baudrillard's popular discourses on the elementary questions of political economy and social science. Persons qualifying themselves to be the oral instructors of the multitude cannot do better than take for their model the member of the Institute who condescended, without an appearance of condescension, to attend a series of conferences of Parisian workmen, and explain to them some of the laws that govern the relations of labour and capital, and some of the means by which civilized societies may reduce happiness to a maximum and misery to a minimum. To read the Professor's addresses is to realize all the circumstances that attended their delivery,—to see the large hall crowded with "blouses" intently regarding their instructor,—to watch their countenances now bright with surprise at novel information, now smiling with approval at their entertainer's humorous allusions to his scientific adversaries, and now turning white with horror and disgust at his pictures of the consequences of sensual indulgence,—to catch the hum of enthusiastic assent that recognizes the exactness of the teacher's definitions, and the rattling laughter which rewards him for his pleasant and serviceable anecdotes,—and, after the orator's descent from his platform, to behold the dense assembly break up and separate in knots, vehemently discussing the points of their past lesson, and, with a sweet sense of original thought, carrying its reasonings onward to the conclusions at which the lecturer judiciously left them to arrive by themselves. For M. Baudrillard knows how to hold his peace, when silence is better qualified than speech to point the moral of what has been aptly spoken. He never works too long on the same point; and with the cunning of an artist in flattery he knows how to make his auditors discover by their own sagacity what he has pointed out to them.

From a work that aims only at putting before unlearned and comparatively simple minds the truths familiar to every political student, the critic can, of course, gather no facts for the entertainment of instructed readers. Having spoken of its style and method, he has discharged the duties of his office. But we cannot lay aside a volume, whose brilliance and elegance have afforded us unusual pleasure, without commending it to the notice of readers who are in no need of its political guidance, but who can relish fine humour and literary cleverness in a work of elementary instruction. One need not be a mechanic, with no better dress than a workman's blouse, to enjoy the mischievous glee with which M. Baudrillard speaks of Charles Fourier as the chief of those social renovators who, not content to merely improve an imperfect society, would fain re-make it, and who, in their sublime compassion for a world from which they imagine the Almighty to have withdrawn himself, have heroically undertaken to supply his place. Moreover, we would suggest that our purveyors of popular literature would do well to produce an English version of the series of lectures, which would be perused with delight by a large proportion of our more intelligent working people, and contribute not a little to their knowledge of and respect for their brethren in toil on the other side of the English Channel.

The German Religious Drama of the Middle Ages—[Das geistliche Schauspiel des Mittelalters in Deutschland, von Heinrich Reidt]. (Williams & Norgate.)

UNLIKE many of his countrymen, Herr Reidt does not construct an elaborate theory upon

the subject he has chosen, but is content to give a series of sketches bringing out some of its chief characteristics. We need not say that many of them are extremely curious. The miracle plays of Germany are not, Herr Reidt assures us, so scandalous as those French productions which seem, with pious intentions, to outdo the most wilful blasphemy; but instances are given us in this book of a kind of composition which can hardly have been edifying. In one of the Easter plays, for instance, St. Peter and St. John, before running to the sepulchre, make a bet as to which will be first there. In a similar piece, the merchant who sells the spices and ointments to the women is a comic character, and his servant is of the type of Figaro. Again, when the wise men come from the East, their arrival is announced to Herod by the court fool of the period. These are, perhaps, the grossest cases of what we may call intentional levity that are quoted by Herr Reidt. We do not mean that the writers of such pieces had any design of burlesquing the Scriptures; but it is clear they meant to raise a laugh, and that was all they cared for. Other passages, no doubt, are to be found which seem questionable to our taste, and perhaps verge on profanity. Yet they are to be ascribed more to the general tone of the age than to any wilful attempt at buffoonery; and the anachronisms, errors, and incongruities which abound show that culture was decidedly on a low level.

The origin of the religious drama, according to Herr Reidt, is to be found in the old German mummeries which were left over from heathenism. Christian teachers found it impossible to extirpate these practices, and resolved therefore to utilize them. The Church was made the stage for the new drama, and at first there was no action or change of scenery, but a simple dialogue chanted from the seats of the choir. A manuscript of the twelfth century seems to mark the transition from recitation to action. At the beginning of the piece the Prophets of the Old Testament and the Chorus sing alternate strophes and antistrophes without any action; then follows a dialogue between the angel and the women at the sepulchre, and this is in prose, with duly prescribed movements. In the fourteenth century we hear of scenic effects being used in the churches, though the first attempts were rude. Thus, the star which guided the wise men to Bethlehem was drawn across the church upon a line. We have come to a much more advanced stage of dramatic presentation when the fate of Judas is symbolized by a black bird entering into his mouth at the Last Supper, and when he is hanged on the stage by Beelzebub himself. The black bird means Satan entering into him, as described in two at least of the Gospel narratives. The actor who took the part of Judas had to put some animal's entrails inside the breast of his clothes, together with the black bird. Then when he was hung his clothes were torn open by the Devil, out fell the entrails and the bird flew away. The Devil also appeared on the stage after the Massacre of the Innocents, and dragged off Herod, who had fallen down dead from the effects of being eaten by worms. No doubt this scene was in Mr. Longfellow's mind when he wrote 'The Golden Legend.' Again, in a piece which seems of later date, a tribe of devils bring Lucifer, their prince, on the stage, and put him in an empty cask, where he complains bitterly of the number of souls that have been rescued from his clutches. He sends out all his underlings to catch souls; but they have no sooner gone than he is bored at being alone, and shouts to call them back. As they do not hear him, he calls louder and louder, till he gets a headache; and then comes his favourite servant Satan

empty handed, saying he had almost caught a usurer when his master's shouts disturbed him. Thereupon Lucifer tells the devils to go to Lübeck, there are plenty of people there who are quite ready for hell. In course of time Satan returns with a priest, and at first Lucifer's joy knows no bounds. But when the priest begins to argue with Satan, Lucifer changes his key, and says at last, "Let the priest go, we can't stand him; if he once gets into hell we shall have to leave it."

It is perhaps safe to assume, without a minute inspection of the various pieces, that the broad comic element was introduced into the religious drama with the German language. The early plays were written in Latin, which could not be understood by those hearers for whom these jokes and sarcasms were especially intended. At the same time, it can hardly be said that the Latin plays were composed by authors of any great learning. We find them adhering to the letter of the Bible with a closeness which rather injures its spirit. Thus, when Mary Magdalene meets Our Lord in the garden, she addresses him as "Rabbi, that is to say, Master." Again, in a play on the Nativity, in the opening of which we have a disputation between St. Augustine and the High Priest of the Jews, accompanied with violent laughter on the part of the latter, the flight into Egypt gives rise to some very strange incidents. The King of Egypt comes on the stage singing a song in praise of love and the spring. Just then, Joseph and Mary appear with the child Jesus, and at once all the statues of the Egyptian gods fall to the ground. The priests endeavour, without success, to put them up again, calling upon the gods themselves, especially Jupiter, Neptune, Venus and Vesta, to protect their images. Of course, it never occurred to the author that these gods were Roman, and that the Egyptian worship was of a very different character. It was enough for him that the nation was heathen; and as that was beyond all doubt, the identity of the gods was wholly immaterial. Another piece of apparently much the same date and very similar characteristics, has for its subject the coming of Antichrist. The various kings who are represented as ruling at the same time are the King of Jerusalem, the Emperor, the German and Frankish kings, the Greek Emperor, the King of Babylon and the King of the Heathen. The Jewish Synagogue and the Christian Church are also characters in the play. We hear at the beginning of the third act that all Christian kings have become subject to the Emperor. The King of Babylon is so enraged at this that he declares war on the King of Jerusalem, and the latter appeals for help to the Emperor as the protector of the Church. The Emperor at once marches against the King of Babylon, and defeats him in single combat. This pleasing intermixture of ancient and mediæval personages is not, perhaps, so remarkable as the confusion of heathen gods, but it speaks of an age which was cheerfully indifferent to historical accuracy.

In taking leave of Herr Reidt, and thanking him for some highly interesting matter, we must repeat a complaint against German publishers which has not yet brought us any redress: why, we ask, do they send out books unsewn? This one of Herr Reidt's is, fortunately, not very large, but the trouble of reading it is out of all proportion to its size and composition. It is almost impossible to hold a book when all the leaves of it are loose; it is quite impossible to turn back in search of anything; it is more than impossible to use the book for subsequent reference. If we have missed anything in our review, it is the fault

of the publisher. What the gain to him may be we cannot tell. Labour is not so very dear in Germany that a few stitches would swallow up all the profits of the trade. We trust this remonstrance will not be quite without effect, and that in future the "*Recensions-exemplar*" will not consist of loose pages slightly gummed to a mockery of a cover.

The Bruce; or, the Metrical History of Robert I., King of Scots. By Master John Barbour, Archdeacon of Aberdeen. Published from a MS. dated 1489, with Notes, and a Memoir of the Life of the Author. By John Jamieson, D.D. A New Edition. (Glasgow, M. Ogle & Co.)

THIS is a cheap reprint of a well-known standard volume in English literature, commonly known as Jamieson's edition of 'Barbour's Bruce'; a book which has of late years become lamentably scarce. Our readers will have observed from a recent correspondence in our pages that the Early English Text Society had announced, in various advertisements put forth during the past two years, that a new edition of 'The Bruce' would be published by them in the present year, and some surprise was expressed that Messrs. Ogle should have so carefully anticipated them by a few months. But there is no need to discuss this matter, as the two editions will have very little in common, and will, in fact, be very unlike each other. The only point that calls for remark is a statement in Messrs. Ogle's letter, that "we adopt a text carefully printed, under the supervision of a competent and faithful editor, from the only complete MS. of the poem extant—viz, the one in the Advocates' Library." To our certain knowledge this has misled some into the belief that the present reprint is from the MS. *itself*, not from the MS. through the medium of Dr. Jamieson's edition; and we certainly expected to find that Jamieson's errors had been corrected. Our readers may rest assured that if the MS. has been consulted at all, the consultation has produced no results. We think this is a matter to be regretted; for Jamieson's edition is so exceedingly careful and good, and so standard a work, that it would only have been a graceful tribute to his memory to have rendered the work complete by the correction of his few but very curious errors; besides which, it would have enhanced the value of the book. It is, however, a mere reprint, typographical errors and misreadings all included, and the editor has indeed been "faithful." For instance, the word *likynt* (likened) frequently occurs; but on page 15, line 396, it happens in Jamieson to have assumed the form *likynt*. So, therefore, we find *likynt* in the reprint. Again, Jamieson did not make up his mind whether to print "thought" or "thocht" where the MS. has "thot," but printed sometimes one form and sometimes the other; so in the reprint. In line 285, page 12, Jamieson misread *Fra* as *For*; so in the reprint. In line 467, page 43, it so happens that the MS. has "mycht" with a *y*; but Jamieson printed "micht" with an *i*; and of course the reprint follows suit. So on the next page, lines 500 and 501, both printed copies have *ride, tide*; but the MS. has *rid, tid*. Fortunately, most of the errors are of very slight importance, and Jamieson is an unusually safe editor to follow; but at times he blunders sadly, as we shall show presently. We find, however, in the reprint itself the following "Note by the Publishers," which is the best answer to any false impression which may have been conveyed by their letter. They say—"The present issue of Barbour's national poem is, with the exception of a few trivial but necessary alterations in the

notes, a verbatim reprint of Dr. Jamieson's edition of 1820, with which the poem reads page for page." This explicit statement sufficiently disposes of the notion of any new appeal to the MS.

Turning to the Notes, we find the same helpless following of Jamieson as in the text. Thus, we find in the notes to the first book, v. 134, "The word in the MS. may be read either as given here (*i.e.* *allryn*), or *alkyn*." The fact is, it can be read neither way. It requires no acquaintance with MSS. to see that there are two long down-strokes in *allryn*, and three in *alkyn*; and so the alternative offered is absurd. The MS. really has *alkyn*, but the *k*, being loosely made, looks a little like *lr*. Hence Pinkerton printed *allryn*, Jamieson followed him, Prof. Innes followed Jamieson, and now the reprint reproduces this blunder for the fourth time, there being all the while no such word as *allryn* in the language! Again we find, in the notes to the eighth book, "Na *ws char dreid thaim, bot befor*—v. 959. It has been formerly given *thar dreid*; but the phrase seems equivalent to *char doute*, vi. 257. The meaning is, we need not entertain any fear that they will attack us, except in front." Surely readers of Chaucer are aware that the true form is *thar*, and that *char* is a pure fiction, only to be found in Jamieson's Dictionary, and certainly nowhere else; besides which, Prof. Innes pointed out the mistake long ago; and it really is very disappointing to find that the "trivial, but necessary alterations" do not include restorations of the text to its original purity, nor exclude Jamieson's absurdities. In the same way, we should read *fordid*, not *sordid*, in a well-known passage on page 101. *Sordid* never existed except in Jamieson's imagination and in his Dictionary; and this again has been long ago corrected by Prof. Innes. In another place Innes says, "*Potatioune* in both MSS. Jamieson, without even Hart's authority, has substituted *potioune*." Of course, therefore, the reprint has *potioune* also—page 421, line 1125. But it is unnecessary to pursue the subject, lest we become tedious. With all its faults, the reprint is as good as the original edition, and therefore worth purchasing at once: its great and glaring defect is, that it is no better.

We have a few words, however, to say about the "only complete MS." Its "completeness" consists in the fact, that it has lost no leaves, but it is, in some passages, the very worst and most corrupt copy extant, and inferior to all the old editions, as well as to the MS. in St. John's College, Cambridge. It continually misses lines, sometimes one at a time, sometimes two, sometimes five, and, in one case at least, as many as eight; so that the term "complete" must be taken with certain modifications. Moreover, it frequently misses words, or inserts glosses of them instead of the words themselves, or gives half of a word and a blank space—another slight drawback to "completeness," and an indication that the publishers have not very carefully investigated the subject. In this, however, they do but follow in the groove of commonly-received opinions, as the true state of the case has never yet been exhibited with sufficient clearness; for even Prof. Innes, who has done something towards a right elucidation of the question, has hardly gone sufficiently into particulars. We have no space here for reasons and processes; we can only give the results.

By far the best copy of the poem is the Cambridge MS. (unknown to Jamieson); but it has unfortunately lost twenty-five leaves at the beginning. It was written out by John de Ramsay in 1487 from a valuable and older copy, which is now lost, and passed out of Ramsay's hands

very shortly afterwards. Two years later, in 1489, he was employed by "Master Simon Lochmalony" to transcribe the Bruce again. This time he could not secure so good a copy, but only one which was in some places much obliterated, or for some other reason hard to read; besides which, he was much pressed for time. Still, he did his best; he wrote down all he could make out, and left blank spaces for lines and words which were of unusual difficulty. Some of these he filled up by guesswork, others he left blank still; and the result was the "complete" Edinburgh MS. By way of protest, however, he made a note upon it to the effect that it was *raptim scriptus*, whereas he had written the former one at his leisure, almost without a single break or interruption, and with hardly a correction. But the originals from which Ramsay copied and his two transcripts were not the only copies extant. It is clear that, when Hart printed his edition in 1616, he had access to some other copy besides some of these, for he alone gives the story about Douglas casting the Bruce's heart before him, and then fighting his way up to it; and there is every reason to believe that this passage is perfectly genuine. In fact, MSS. of the Bruce must once have been common; but all have, unfortunately, perished, except Ramsay's two transcripts, both of which are dated nearly a century after Barbour's death. There are also numerous old printed editions, and there is even one earlier than Hart's, but his may be taken as the typical old edition, seeing that they do not differ very greatly from each other. Hart professes to have used "the best and most ancient MSS.," and there is reason to believe that the Cambridge MS., or the one from which it was copied, was one of these. Making considerable allowances for the numerous printer's errors common to old printed books, Hart's edition is entitled to some respect, and has a certain authority; and the only way by which a satisfactory edition can be produced is by a careful collation of all the copies. This was in some measure done by Prof. Innes, in his edition of 1856; but the Professor had "other objects in view than those of the mere philologist." We hope, therefore, that the Early English Text Society will give the "mere" philologist a chance. It is well deserving of having much critical labour expended upon it.

To turn, however, from the form of the poem to the subject-matter of it. Here, troubling ourselves no longer about *allryn*, and *char*, and *sordid*, and similar editorial freaks, we feel disposed to grow enthusiastic. No one seems more fully to have appreciated the delightfulness and vigour of Barbour than did Sir Walter Scott, and no one could better judge how a story ought to be told. He delighted to dwell upon the adventures of the Bruce, and he greatly admired Barbour's version of them. How Bruce was chased by a sleuthhound, how he and his foster-brother were set upon by three ruffians, how rejoiced he was when he met Douglas after their separation, how the Black Douglas made his "larder," how a letter from his lady-love was found upon Sir John Webetoun's corpse, how Sir Thomas Randolph took Edinburgh Castle—all these things, and many more such interesting adventures, are to be found in 'The Tales of a Grandfather'; and they are also to be found, in all their original freshness, in Barbour. We confess to a very great fondness for that hardly sufficiently prized poem, 'The Lord of the Isles.' Even though the description of Bannockburn is tame beside that of Flodden, the Bruce himself is a nobler hero than Marmion, and the Maid of Lorn a more perfectly drawn female character than Clara de Clare. The very interesting notes to

'The Lord of the Isles' first introduced us to Barbour, with the astonishing tale of how the last words of Edward the First were "hang and draw," and the numerous combats wherein Bruce saved his own life by sheer personal strength. Besides these, there is 'Castle Dangerous,' the weakest of all Sir Walter's novels, wherein he has not followed his author closely enough, as he himself seems to admit. We find, indeed, the story of the "larder," and much about De Walton (i. e. Sir John Webetoun), who is, after a manner, the hero of the novel; but we decidedly miss the pathetic turn which the story takes in Barbour, and are very much disappointed at not finding the love-letter on De Walton's corpse. In fact, the whole account of the capture of Douglas Castle on Palm Sunday, as told in the novel, is far inferior to that given in the extract from Barbour which Sir Walter appended to his introduction. One very much wonders how the author of 'The Lord of the Isles' came to make such a sorry business of 'Castle Dangerous,' though the failing state of his health may perhaps explain this. Let not the reader be deterred from reading 'The Bruce' by the quaintness of the language—a little familiarity with it soon renders it easy; and it is a singular and important fact, that old Lowland Scotch is frequently much easier than many other kinds of old provincial English, and is more like modern English in many cases. The Northern writers frequently exhibit a greater ease and simplicity than Southern ones; and there is nothing (save the misreadings, to some of which we have alluded) which the reader may not easily master, and it will do him good. If he meets with any difficulties, Jamieson's Dictionary, the small edition of which is sufficiently cheap, will solve most of them readily; and he will probably require its aid, as the "reprint" has not a line of Glossary in it. Jamieson incorporated his short Glossary in 'The Bruce' with that of 'The Wallace'; and the reprint, always helplessly following, will, no doubt, do the same, though the two poems should have been kept altogether separate.

The more critical reader who consults Jamieson's larger Dictionary will probably greatly wonder what the references mean. It is rather astonishing to be referred by Dr. Jamieson to 'The Bruce,' Book xix. l. 100, and then to observe that his edition has but fourteen books in it, all told. Pinkerton's older edition was arbitrarily divided into twenty books, and to this method of reckoning all the references in the Scottish Dictionary belong. To avoid change, the same reckoning has generally been adopted by philologists ever since, and is still retained in the references made for the Philological Society's English Dictionary. But in this respect Jamieson made a most silly and unnecessary alteration, tending to produce great confusion. He actually arbitrarily redivided the poem into fourteen books, so that none of his own references are of the slightest use when applied to his own edition! Jamieson's edition should therefore always be cited *by the page*, and it is most fortunate that the reprint is paged like the old edition. But the editor of the reprint ought at least to have known this, and should, of course, have altered the numbering back again to Pinkerton's old system; instead of which we find him, faithfully and helplessly as ever, still following Jamieson's lead into whatever quagmire he proposes to go.

We see that Messrs. Ogle are now engaged in reprinting 'The Wallace.' This is entirely a different matter. Here they have only one MS. copy to follow, viz., the unique MS. at Edinburgh. Their reprint, if properly conducted, ought entirely to supersede any new edition of

it whatever; and they are therefore the more bound to apply to the MS. itself, not through the Jamieson medium, but directly, and to give us no more samples such as *allryn* and *char*, and *sordid*.

NEW NOVELS.

The Wyvern Mystery: a Novel. By J. S. Le Fanu. 3 vols. (Tinsley Brothers.)

MUCH will not be said in behalf of 'The Wyvern Mystery' by those mild and commonplace people who think that a novel should aim rather at the exhilaration than the depression of the reader's spirits; that it should forbear to give pain which is not calculated to enhance the effect of its pleasurable representations; that its illustrations of the evil should be put in contrast against equally vivid exhibitions of the good of human nature; and that at the end it should leave the reader in the intellectual and moral condition of a man who has been listening to fine music, or contemplating a noble work of art, or enjoying the stimulus of good company. On the contrary, by those many persons who delight in strong hysterical emotions, and are of opinion that the romance-writer labours within the proper province of his art when he alternately freezes the reader's heart and causes his hair to stand on end by pictures of eccentric vice and cruel violence, a rush will be made to the libraries for the new tale of the novelist, whose present performance surpasses all his previous wild stories in sensational inhumanity. That the book overflows with cleverness and force, no reader will deny; but Mr. Sheridan Le Fanu adds nothing to his reputation by another display of literary adroitness and melo-dramatic ability. It must also be conceded that much labour has been expended on the first two volumes, the separate parts of which are fitted together with the most precise and cunning workmanship; and that the character of Mildred Tarnley,—the faithful, honest, harsh old serving-woman, who tells innumerable falsehoods in her master's service, whilst she sharply censures his misconduct and sturdily declines to flatter him,—secures the book from a charge of being altogether deficient in humour. The naturalness of the other feminine characters is not conspicuous; but the three principal men of the drama—old Squire Fairfield of Wyvern, and his two sons—are creatures of human flesh and blood, surcharged with some of the most odious qualities of the race that they dishonour. The harsh, despotic, scurrilous Squire of Wyvern, a brute whose abusive tongue respects neither virtue nor the grave, is not untrue to a period when Englishmen of common stuff, albeit of ancient pedigree, used to think it a proof of manly spirit to bully their dependents and drink themselves at least once a day into stupefaction. The disdainful abhorrence roused by the selfishness and moral imbecility of the Squire's elder son, who, by marrying Alice Maybell, does her the greatest injury it is in his power to inflict upon her, is evidence of the skill with which his despicable nature is portrayed. And though Harry Fairfield—who combines the smart "slanginess" of Foker and the meanness of Barnes Newcome with the niggardiness of Miser Elwes—is a more revolting specimen of the cheat, sneak, and cad than we have ever before encountered in prose fiction, the picture of his loathsomeness does not surpass the bounds of possibility, or even wander beyond the lines of experience.

The opening chapters of the narrative introduce the reader to Alice Maybell, a fair and fortuneless beauty, soon after her secret marriage with Charles Fairfield, and to her patron, the abusive old Squire of Wyvern, who, having

in consideration of remote consanguinity extended patronage to her otherwise friendless infancy and girlhood, is of opinion that the charming woman should reward his past kindness by consenting to be the wife of his failing years. Taking this view of her obligations the aged savage woos the frightened girl with a grotesque and boisterous amorousness that reminds us of Squire Western's least delicate demeanour in the presence of ladies; and when Alice escapes at the same time from his importunities and his house, and flies with her bankrupt husband to a desolate and dilapidated old mansion, not many miles distant from Wyvern, the furious dotard curses the pair with the choicest imprecations to be found in his comprehensive vocabulary of abuse. And ere long he has grounds for flattering himself that his amiable wishes have not been ineffectual. In Carwell Grange, the miserable dwelling to which Charles Fairfield takes his bride, even as a few years earlier he had brought the recently-discarded mistress, who plays an important part in the drama, Alice's life is wretched and unseemly. That he may not draw his impatient creditors upon him, or reveal his lurking-place to the emissaries of the woman who, instead of consenting to her banishment from his presence, declares that she is his wife, the feeble and broken *roué* conceals himself from observation, and forbids his bride to communicate to her nearest female friends their hiding-place. At the Grange their only servants are Mildred Tarnley and a slatternly kitchen wench, and for months their only visitor is Harry Fairfield, who now and then rides over to Carwell, to eat and drink at his impoverished brother's expense, to smoke the spendthrift's cigars, and to urge him to proceed yet further on the road to ruin. At length, however, another visitor arrives at the Grange, in the person of a blind and unspeakably hideous Dutch woman, named Bertha Velderkaust, who effects an entrance into the mansion during Charles Fairfield's absence, and whilst Alice is in bed. Of Bertha's peculiarities it is enough to say that, in addition to blindness and the disfigurements of small-pox, they comprise a strong appetite for opium and brandy, a temper given to maniacal ebullitions of rage, and a demoniacal hatred of the woman who has supplanted her in her former paramour's affections. Having contrived to enter the house, and terrorized Mildred Tarnley into giving her a supper and bed, this pleasant inmate for a quiet country hall, instead of composing her weary limbs to rest, makes the most of her nocturnal opportunity by cutting her way through a couple of papered and hidden doors into the sleeping-room of the young wife whose threshold she has presumed to cross. Awakened by the intrusion, but scared into dumbness, Alice, by the faint rays of her night-light, sees the form, face, and outstretched hands of the furious creature who is bent on cutting her throat. "The woman," runs the narrative, "stood erect, drawing a long breath, holding her underlip slightly in her teeth with just a little nip. She turned her face towards the bed, and for the first time Alice now quite distinctly saw it—pale, scarred with small-pox, blind. . . . Still as death sat Alice in her terror, gazing into the sightless face of this woman, little more than two yards removed from her. Suddenly this short space disappeared, and with two swift steps and an outstretched hand she stood at the bedside, and caught Alice's night-dress, and drew her forcibly towards her. Alice as violently resisted. With a loud scream she drew back, and the night-dress tore. But the tall woman instantly grasped her nearer the shoulder, and scrambling on the bed on her

knees she dragged her down upon it, and almost instantly struck at her throat with a knife. To make this blow she was compelled to withdraw one hand, and, with a desperate spring, Alice evaded the stroke."

Through the intervention of timely aid Alice escapes from her murderous assailant, who is seized and consigned to the county prison, where, instead of exhibiting an anxiety for her own fate at the approaching assizes, she vows vengeance on her former keeper, whom she accuses of having committed bigamy. But ere the Wyvern "mystery" can be unravelled by lawyers in a public court, the position of affairs is changed by the sudden death of Charles Wyvern shortly before Alice gives birth to the boy with whose fortunes the remainder of the story principally concerns itself. After Charles's death the interest of the tale sensibly diminishes, and more than once in the course of the third volume the threads of the narrative seem to be falling from the weaver's hand, whilst he appears to be in doubt how to work them into an appropriate ending. Acting in harmony with his previous conduct, Harry Fairfield gets possession of his brother's son, puts him out of sight, and makes Alice believe that the little fellow is dead. Calling death to help him out of his perplexities, the narrator kills old Squire Wyvern, whose dying moments are worthy of the life that has preceded them, and sends Bertha Velderkaust to the next world. Finally, Harry Fairfield is shot in a fray with poachers, and expires after making a confession that co-operates with other incidents to explain the Wyvern mystery and to restore Alice to her child, who is forthwith proclaimed to society as the injured and long-lost heir of Wyvern.

Little Women; or, Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy.
Part Second. By Louisa M. Alcott. (Low & Co.)

THIS is a cheerful domestic story, which appears to be written for the especial use and behoof of the fair sex, as it deals with the gradual development of character which takes place in the four young heroines, whose earlier years have been described in a previous work. The scene is in the United States; and our fair countrywomen will find here portrayed a state of society to which they are utterly unaccustomed, although at the same time the book abounds with touches of human nature and traits of character which are common to all the world. Probably (but we speak on such topics with diffidence) there is something very life-like in Miss Jo's confession, some time after refusing an offer of marriage, that perhaps if Teddy had tried again she might have said "Yes,"—not because she loved him any more, but because she cared more to be loved, than when he went away. But Teddy has now found elsewhere the haven of rest which Jo denied him, and Jo has to content herself with the gift of an awakened but, as yet, unsatisfied heart. It is almost needless to say that Miss Jo is one of the strong-minded race of young women, and that she has started in life with the fallacious idea that a man's love is by no means essential to a woman's happiness. Now she has found out her mistake, and deigns to make confession to her mother, who congratulates her on her progress in natural feelings. "I'm glad of that, Jo," says the calm but sympathising parent, "for it shows that you are getting on. There are plenty to love you, so try to be satisfied with father and mother, sisters and brothers, friends and babies, till the best lover of all comes to give you your reward." Jo takes the advice very kindly, but assures her mother that her heart has become so elastic lately that it cannot be properly filled, as of

yore, with family affections. "I used to be quite contented with my family; I don't understand it," says poor Jo. "I do," says her mother, with a meaning smile. This seems all very pretty and sensible; and it is a fact, we believe, that young ladies do sometimes get confidential with their mammams on these subjects, when softened by a little disappointment. Miss Jo in her early days aspires to literary success; the other sisters, one artistic, one consumptive, and so on, follow out their several destinies, and most of them get "settled" in due time, though not, so to speak, according to the "first intention." There is a good deal of innocent fun in the book, and there is no lack of quaint Transatlantic expressions and turns of thought:—"She never broke her word, and was much exercised in her mind how to get round it"—"You must promise not to cut up any pranks"—"Don't be a peacock: I only moaned a trifle just to keep the other girls company"—"I don't wish to get raspy, so let's change the subject." No wonder that young Mr. Lawrence, the hero, gives up all thought of Jo (the individual who doesn't wish to "get raspy"), and seeks happiness with the gentle Amy, who vows that she is prouder of her handsome husband than of all his money, and addresses him with the tender words, "Don't laugh—but your nose is such a comfort to me"! The reader will find more truth and more humour in this story than in many works of fiction of a more pretentious character.

The Story of my Love. 3 vols. (Bentley.)

WHETHER it be true or false that a little learning is a dangerous thing, a little competency for novel-writing is beyond all question both a sad peril to its owner and a grievous nuisance to the rest of the world. How dentists ever contrive to get their first patient has always been a puzzle to us; but that anybody blessed with free will and a sound mind ever orders a tyro's novel without reason or recommendation is a supposition which nothing short of ocular proof would make us concede. If any one wonders at the idea seeming so inconceivable, he has only to take measures to provide himself—say, for the next month—with all the novels it gives birth to in London alone, and to bind himself by a vow to read them all, and religiously to keep his vow. He will welcome the last day of autumn, we promise him, with a sigh that shall represent conjointly heartfelt relief that his meal is over, terrible indigestion weighing upon his metaphysical chest, and a thousand thanksgivings to those of us whose lot it is to prescribe diet for the novel-reading public. Here is as pertinent an example of this rampant *furor* for writing nonsense, and calling it light literature, as could well be chosen. Somebody—a lady, we fear—whom one can well imagine to be amiable, intelligent, a quick observer, an amusing letter-writer, and blessed with a happy circle of admiring friends, has been illogically persuaded by some or all of these concurrent endowments to risk a tilt in the already over-crowded arena. She comes to no great grief, it is true; fares no worse than the great majority of her competitors, and not so badly as a good many of them; yet she does no good either to herself or anybody else, is (in plain, though uncorrected English) not wanted, and returns her lance to its accustomed resting-place, without the faintest possible pretext for imagining that she has gained any fame or glory whatever by her whimsical exploit. Why did she start on it, then? Simply, in all probability, because she was unluckily conscious that one or two elements in her ethical composition coincide with one or two elements which go towards com-

posing a successful knight of the pen, and because, forgetting what a terribly big number of coincidences is required to make up anything approaching to identity, she jumped thoughtlessly at an utterly erroneous inference. Beyond all manner of doubt, Nature never designed the author for a novelist; and we think it far from likely that Art will ever succeed in moulding her into one. But should she, relying either on the one or the other, venture on a second experiment, the start must be made with a brave resolve to hold 'The Story of my Love' before her eyes at every stage and at every step, as the scarecrow to be afraid of, and the "horrid example" to avoid. Merely adding, that the internal evidence of the book leaves us in perfectly balanced doubt whether it is the production of young and inexperienced sentimentality or the embodiment of real reminiscences viewed through a mist of senile romance, we turn from the writer to the story itself.

In a tumble-down old ancestral mansion, somewhere or other in England, Edith Aubrey, the autobiographer, is living, when the story opens, with her father and mother and some brothers and sisters. With blue blood enough in both their sets of veins to ensure small hands and feet, taper fingers, and a short upper lip, to the progeny of any man who might claim to become their son-in-law, they terribly want the one great necessity, which ever since Adam's fall has been called Money. Pounds, shillings and pence the Aubreys are literally destitute of,—so literally that how they keep body and soul together, or dress one another and their children, or get credit even among rustic tradesmen, seems such a mystery that the author herself has hazarded no clue to its solution. Money, however, Mr. Aubrey succeeds somehow in getting from time to time,—partly, among other sources, from a rich relative, who, by the audacious sin of going into trade and working for his own living, has brought immortal infamy on the work-despising line of Vere; and partly from a retired Lord Mayor, who has brought his savings and his *parvenu*-ship to the neighbourhood. This latter godsend, Sir Benjamin Hopper, Baronet, at the age of sixty-five, falls in love with Edith Aubrey, aged seventeen; and, like a good girl, Edith accepts the functions, after a fortnight's acquaintance, of his *fiancée*; the mutual considerations being, of course, on his side pecuniary relief to his future father-in-law; and on hers a year's respite, to enable her to grow older. In the use she makes of this year of grace, however, Miss Aubrey is a great deal more clever than scrupulous; or rather, to speak more accurately, one would have imagined so but for the fact of her being the very cream of simplicity and the concentrated essence of honour. We ought to have said, therefore, that Edith's stars are as maliciously seductive to her better nature as they possibly could be if she were as bad and false as she is good and pellucid. First of all, directly after her betrothal, she falls in love with a young nobleman, a prospective Cressus and heir to an ancient earldom. Secondly, finding that Lord Herne is only playing with her, she wins the heart of the possessor of 10,000*l.* a year. Thirdly, having good reason to suppose that Mr. Warrender is engaged to somebody else, she tears up a hastily-written note, refusing a young baronet with double the fortune, and substitutes another, accepting him. Fourthly and finally, discovering that her guess as to Mr. Warrender's intentions was mistaken, she repents of her last arrangement and recurs to the preceding one (having, we are bound in justice to the young lady to admit, by this time broken off engage-

ment number one), but just too late, owing to engagement number four being put a stop to by the gentleman's sudden death. With that tragedy all active romance naturally and decently ends; and nothing remains for the heroine but passive resignation to the enjoyment of a large fortune unexpectedly left her, and a long maidenhood, resulting in this autobiography.

We should hesitate to say of any plot that nothing could possibly be made of it; but no expert is needed to give weight to the opinion that, with the one adopted by the author, she had a difficult task before her from the outset. Of the way she has worked it into shape, the less said the better for her own sake. Let it suffice to say, that she is far from being a deep student of human nature in the abstract, or of any particular phase of every-day life—from Liverpool to May Fair—in the concrete; that in grammar, spelling and quotation she is either very eccentric or very careless; that when she talks about "affectioning" a thing, she elevates herself to a height of linguistic science for which ordinary Europeans are not adapted; that when she describes one gentleman as "whinging" something to his neighbour, and talks about another's "misery," it takes an appreciable interval of time to discern that the first word is meant for "whispering" and the second for "niggardliness"; and that a millionaire, who has been an eminent City merchant, Lord Mayor of London, for some years a Member of Parliament, and placed, both by his position and his wealth, in constant contact with ladies and gentlemen, might probably, according to the author's observation, be caught, if he ever had occasion to write a love-letter, in delivering himself of one of this description. (The author has given it *in extenso*, so in justice to her we follow her example):—

"My dearest girl.—This comes from your loving Benjamin. Indeed, my heart is very sore at your long absence, and I think that as regards our position I have a right to claim my darling bride—'my Fiancee,' as the French say; not that I am the least vexed at your amusing of yourself, mixing as you are in the tip-top set; and I always say—and no one ever knew Benjamin Hopper go back of his word.—'The girl,' says I, 'must have time to know her own mind,' and you need be in no fear that you won't be kept up in that same style—the very first of styles—if you like it; for plenty of money will do it, and none of your swells will give you more than your faithful Benjy; for I always thought you was a fine girl, would do credit to any man, and my bo-idear of what a woman should be (when you fills out and is well furnished); and, as every one says, there's no one has a better eye for a girl than B. Hopper, and you're not having a brass stiver makes not a halfpenny's differ to me. I'm that rich I can snap my fingers at your fine gentlemen; so let there be no nonsense, mind that. Not but to say your family comes mighty expensive, and there seems to be no end to the calls. No matter. Some people would say I'm an old fool, but a bargain's a bargain, that's what I'm for, and I stand by my word, and you do the same; and don't you put any faith in what they say, it's only the enviousness of them low persons who had their eye on your Benjamin—not but to say this person is one of your tip-tops. And it is not the first time neither; but your dried-up old maids are not in my line. No, no! The best for your money is allays my word—not but my Lady Garroway is a fine, well-spoken, civil lady, and high up. But damme, Miss A., I'll not stand your nonsense any longer. I'll not be made a fool of, and B. Hopper is not the man will stand being a by-word and a joke. It's time the day's fixed and the weddin' clothes is bought. So no more foolin', but see to coming home, for to give you a bit of my mind, I'm tired waiting. So, my darling girl, come back to your fond lover, whose arms is open to receive you; and I'm ready with as much billin'

and cooing as any reasonable girl could expect, for I loves the ground you walks on, my darling pet. No more at present from your loving

"BENJAMIN HOPPER."

Our only hesitation in extracting this specimen of the author's ideas of wit, or human nature, or both, is for fear we should leave the impression that the book is amusing, which it is not. Between designed and undesigned nonsense there is all the difference in the world.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Parliamentary Buff-Book; being an Analysis of the Divisions of the House of Commons during the Sessions of 1866, 1867 and 1868; comprising the Whole of the Ninth and Last Parliament elected under the Reform Act of 1832. By Thomas Nicolls Roberts. (Effingham Wilson.)

By a very simple arrangement, which it must have cost him a great deal of patient labour to effect, the secretary to the Liberal Registration Association enables the inquirer after the creditable doings and delinquencies of Members of Parliament to ascertain with ease the votes given by any politician of the lower House during three Parliamentary years. Besides indexes, Mr. Roberts's volume consists of two parts, the former of which is a numbered catalogue of all the divisions that occurred during that period. The notice of each division, in addition to the number affixed to it for the inquirer's convenience, contains the date and the exact words of the question on which the House divided. The second part is an analysis of the divisions, in which all the members of the House are placed in alphabetical order, and under each member's name appear, duly classified into "ayes" and "noes" the numbers affixed in the earlier section of the compilation to the divisions in which he voted. Thus, on looking at the first name in the analysis, the searcher sees that Sir Thomas Dyke Acland voted "aye" on division 146, and on referring to that number in the previous division of the book, he learns the subject of the division. At a glance also it is ascertained in how many divisions the politician recorded a vote, whence it can be inferred how regularly he discharged his duties to his constituency. That the 'Buff-Book' will have any large sale beyond strictly political circles is improbable; but as it will be found of very great service to all persons engaged directly or indirectly in the contentions of the House, we cordially hope that its laborious and ingenious contriver will meet with enough encouragement to induce him to persevere in putting forth a serial publication, which, under the most favourable circumstances, can result in no great commercial advantage to its producers.

The Imperial Gazetteer of England and Wales: embracing recent Changes in Counties, Dioceses, Parishes and Boroughs; General Statistics; and Postal Arrangements; Railway Systems, &c.; forming a Complete Description of the Country. By John Marius Wilson. (Fullarton & Co.)

Mr. John Marius Wilson may be congratulated on the successful termination of a laborious undertaking, which gives us yet another topographical dictionary of England and Wales. As the numerous references that we have made to places in his dictionary yield no instance of erroneous statement, we presume that we may credit the compiler with accuracy. That his type and paper are of superior quality, that his maps are well drawn, and that the publishers have produced a handsome series of volumes, are matters on which we can speak more positively. Of the publication, which pertains to literary manufacture rather than literary art, it is enough to say that persons selecting gazetteers for their shelves should not make choice of one for England and Wales until they have ascertained the dimensions, style and price of this latest addition to topographical literature.

Little Lassies and Lads. With Coloured Illustrations. By Oscar Platsch. (Seeley, Jackson & Halliday.)

THE little girls and boys of this rather tame and commonplace tale for nurseries are sent to Rye Farm to be out of the way of fever; and the nar-

rative concerns itself with their doings and enjoyments in that rural retreat, under the guardianship of Nurse Edwards and her husband. There is nothing to be said about the story, in the way either of praise or of blame, save that its literary merits and the quality of the coloured illustrations scarcely justify its publication in a rather expensive and imposing form.

Letters Everywhere: Stories and Rhymes for Children. By the Author of 'The Dove, and other Stories of Old.' With Illustrations by Théophile Schuler. (Seeley, Jackson & Halliday.)

Mr. Schuler's drawings are capital; and though its brief prose tales and pieces of verse are inferior in quality to its artistic embellishments, this handsome book for beginners in the difficult art of reading is an acceptable addition to our literature for the nursery and playroom. Belonging to the class of books which used to appear only on the approach of Christmas holidays, but which publishers, in obedience, doubtless, to prudential considerations, are getting into the way of publishing in months remote from the children's season, 'Letters Everywhere' deserves the attention of the patrons and teachers of our little ones.

A Treatise on Land-Surveying, in Theory and Practice. By John A. Smith, Civil Engineer. (Longmans & Co.)

THIS book, of 300 duodecimo pages, is very full of condensed matter. It will not be difficult, except to those who require their teacher of surveying to be also their teacher of the most elementary mathematics. The power of the chain, and its combination with common geometry, to the exclusion of angular measurements, is well brought out; but the theodolite and its trigonometry are not stinted. In the field, this book would itself teach; in the study, with practice not at hand, a resolute student, master of a little trigonometry, might force his way; and a few occasional words from a good teacher would make everything plain. A good book of the more elementary class,—for example,

Trigonometry for Beginners, and Mensuration for Beginners, by J. Todhunter (Macmillan & Co.), would be as good lifts for a lame dog over Mr. John Smith's stiles as a beginner need have.

Berlin, its Growth and Progress—(Berlin und seine Entwicklung: Städtisches Jahrbuch für Volkswirtschaft und Statistik.) (Williams & Norgate.)

THIS is a sort of general and statistical handbook to the capital of Prussia, giving us multitudinous details about its population, its post-offices, its poor-law, its manufactures, its markets, its lighting, its lunatics, its schools, its savings-banks, its telegraphs and its taxes. The work is published by the statistical bureau of the town, and it is evident that its facts and figures have been collected with care and pains. Some of the details too are curious. The Berlin statisticians enter into all kinds of subjects with the calmness of social anatomists. Nothing is beneath their notice, nothing discomposes their professional gravity. They chronicle the number of people who keep one servant, more than one servant, more than four servants, the number of men who occupy only one bedroom, with as much zeal as if they were officials of the Board of Trade cataloguing imports and exports. Such diligence ought to be rewarded.

We have before us the following pamphlets: *The Irish Church: a Speech delivered in the House of Lords on June the 15th, 1869,* by Connop Thirlwall, D.D. (Ridgway).—*Thoughts on some Representative Texts (Hunt),—Despotism,* by the Author of 'Vital Law' (Longmans).—*A Letter to the Editor of the 'Dublin Review' upon the Temporal Power of the Pope and his Personal Infallibility,* by William Maskell, M.A. (Longmans).—*Theology in its Relation to the Modern Scientific Argument: a Sermon,* by the Rev. David Griffith (Cheltenham, Hailing & Poole).—*The Speeches of Count Bismarck in the Upper House and the Chamber of Deputies of the Parliament on January 29, and February 13, 1869, in the Debate on the Bill for sequestering the Property of the ex-King of Hanover (Asher).*—*Is Capital Punishment Necessary?* by Bomolochus (Ridgway).—*A Challenge elicited by the Hon. J. Lothrop Motley's Address on Historic Progress and American Democracy,* by H. Bragg

(Simpkin).—*The Settlement of the Alabama Question*, by William W. Stephens (Edinburgh, Edmonston & Douglas).—*Rome and Liberty: a Poem*, by Matthew Spears (Scottish Reformation Society).—*Translations of the First Satire of Juvenal and Johnson's Latin Poems*, by the Rev. J. Henry, A.M. (Belfast, Aitchison).—*Colour; or, the Island of Humanity: a Drama*, in three Acts (Simpkin).—*Education and Orthography* (Pitman).—*Orthoepey; or, a simple Mode of Accenting English, for the Advantage of Foreigners and of all Learners*, by Francis W. Newman (Trübner).—*The Claims of Classical Studies whether as Information or as Training*, by a Scotch Graduate (Simpkin).—*National Education and the English Language*, by a Foreigner (Pitman).—*On the Identity of the Vital and Cosmical Principle*, by Robert Lewins, M.D. (Lewes, Bacon).—*The Missing Law; or, Woman's Birthright*, by Mrs. J. Stewart (Tweddle).—*A few Words on Swimming: with Practical Hints*, by R. Harrington (J. R. Smith).—*Wales and its People* (Simpkin).—*Addenda to Pre-glacial Man and Geological Chronology* (Dublin, Hodges).—*Modern London, its Unity and Dignity as the Metropolis of the British Empire Considered* (Mitchell & Hughes).—*County Military Training Schools, a Suggestion for improving the Recruiting System*: Copy of a Lecture delivered at the Royal United Service Institution, by W. Cave Thomas (Strangeways & Walden).—*Thoughts on Poverty and Pauperism*, by Henry Carre Tucker, C.B. (Printed for Private Circulation).—*The Disinfectant Question: Review of a Book by Dr. R. Angus Smith, entitled 'Disinfectants and Disinfection'* (McCorquodale).—*On Counter Irritation: a Theory constructed by the Deductive Method of Investigation*, by James Ross, M.D. (Churchill).—*Notes on Mr. William Fowler, of Winterton, and his Works* (Hull, Kirk).—*Transplantation*, by F. Young (Simpkin).—*Harvesting of Corn in Wet Weather*, by Gilbert Murray (Bemrose & Sons).—*and Colorado, United States, America; its History, Geography and Mining*, by R. O. Old (Published under the Auspices of the British and Colorado Mining Bureau).

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Autobiography of a Small Boy, 12mo. 5/6 cl.
Barker's Guide to Abney Park Cemetery, 12mo. 2/6 cl.
Bartholomew's Advanced Atlas, 32 Maps, imp. 4to. 3/6 cl.
Beale's (L. S.) Protoplasm, or Life, Force and Matter, 12mo. 5/6 cl.
Bell's New Treatise in North America, 2 vols. 8vo. 30/ cl.
Book of Brave Old Ballads, illust. by Gilbert, 5/6 cl.
Cassell's Illustrated History of England, Vol. 8, imp. 8vo. 9/ cl.
Cicero, by Walford, Part 2, "Omnia, Dreams, &c.", 1/6 cl. imp.
Clarke's (J. E.) Children of the Old Testament, 4to. 1/6 bds.
Cleasby's Icelandic-English Dictionary, by Vigfusson, Pt. 1, 21/
Dulcken's Pearls from the Poets, illust. 8vo. 10/6 cl.
Every Day, by Author of "Ismael and Cassander," cheap edit. 2/
Eyton's Geology of North Shropshire, 12mo. 5/6 cl.
Flora Selwyn, 12mo. 1/6 cl.
Forsyth's Cases and Opinions on Constitutional Law, 20/ cl.
Gage of Honour, by Author of "Eastern Hunters," 3, 31/6
Granny's Spectacles, 12mo. 1/6 cl.
Hid in a Cave, 12mo. 1/6 cl.
Hook's Archbishops of Canterbury, new series, Vol. 3, 8vo. 15/ cl.
Inman's Ancient Faiths embodied in Ancient Names, Vol. 3, 30/
Krummacker's (F. W.) Autobiography, trans. by Easton, 8vo. 9/ cl.
Lockyer's On a Coral Reef, 3/6 cl.
Marsh's Clinical Notes on Diseases of the Larynx, 12mo. 6/ cl.
Nicholl's Life, Adventures, &c., of Sebastian Cabot, 7/6 cl.
Petherick's Travels in Central Africa, &c., 2 vols. 8vo. 20/ cl.
Pope's Essay on Man, edited by Mark Pattison, 12mo. 1/6 bds.
Quiver (The), Vol. 4, royal 8vo. 7/6 cl.
Revelation of Life and Immortality, 8vo. 2/6 cl.
Robinson's Pictorial Effect in Photography, 7/6 cl.
Roediger's Student's Hebrew Grammar, 8vo. 7/6 cl.
Roubloff's Elementary Lessons in French, 12mo. 4/ cl.
Routledge's Coloured Picture Book, Series 8 and 7, 4to. 2/6 bds.
Russell's Adventures of Doctor Brady, cheap edit. 12mo. 9/ bds.
Schinsell's Method of Learning German, Part 1, 12mo. 3/ cl.
Smith's (W.) Specimens of English Literature, 12mo. 3/6 cl.
Smith's (W.) Smaller History of English Literature, 12mo. 3/6 cl.
Smyth's Gold Fields of Victoria, illust. royal 8vo. 20/ cl.
Stobart's Daily Services for Christian Households, 12mo. 1/ cl. imp.
Stratton's The Snow Queen, 12mo. 1/6 cl.
Trimen and Thimbleton's Flora of Middlesex, &c. 8vo. 15/6 cl.
Viola, by the Author of "Caste," &c., 3 vols. or. 8vo. 31/6 cl.
Walford's County Families, new and enlarged, edit. royal 8vo. 50/ cl.
Wood's (Mrs. H.) Roland Yorke, 3 vols. or. 8vo. 31/6 cl.

A MARRIAGE AT SÈVRES.

Mdlle. Artot, the accomplished vocalist, is no more, and all her friends are delighted at this consummation. The lady that was so known is now Madame Padilla y Ramos. Last week, the little town of Sèvres was all alive with the event,—at which authors, artists, vocalists, journalists and friends from both sides of the Channel were present. Sèvres looked on the marriage procession with as much delight as if it had been an imperial cortege. It was a real *mariage d'artistes*. The bride needs no chronicling. The bridegroom is a baritone, with a voice said to resemble Graziani's,

and of which we shall be able to judge sooner or later. He is a Spaniard, and had for best man the distinguished publicist, the Chevalier Soriano.

The harmony in the church will prove, we hope, the prelude of that which is to follow. Mdlle. Zeiss sang two religious pieces with remarkable effect. Jourdan, whose voice is described as being what it was when he created *Quentin Durward*, sang an 'O salutaris' of Adam and an 'Agnus Dei' of Mozart. The organ was under the hand of a master—Gevaert—who, at the wedding-feast which succeeded, and when proposing the health of the Belgian bride and Spanish bridegroom, employed an illustration from history, saying that "Spain and Belgium had rarely met on friendly ground," and that "the present union pacifically avenged the Belgium of the Duke of Alba."

When we add, that Madame Padilla is the niece of the painter Bagniet, so well known and esteemed in England as well as abroad, and that at this brilliant wedding among the guests were Henri Berthoud, Henri Monnier, M. and Madame Dufour, Mdlle. Zeiss, M. and Madame Charton-Demeur, M. and Madame Bagniet, M. and Madame Artot, M. and Madame Frégnas, Messrs. Gevaert, Florent, Willems, Charles Yriarte, Brocheton, Armand Gouzien, De Lauzières and Mr. (Henry) Bicknell, one of Bagniet's earliest friends in England, we are well authorized in adopting the phrase of the *Gaulois* with regard to this ceremony, calling it a "mariage artistique."

The bride's pretty villa, built by her, adjacent to that of her uncle, M. Bagniet, on the hill of Sèvres, is the new home for the new life there inaugurated.

IN THE EMPEROR'S BEDROOM.

Paris, Sept. 21, 1869.

DIP your spoon into his soup; slip finger and thumb under his sleeve, and feel his pulse. When he sleeps, lay your head against his heart and count its beatings. Does he cry aloud in the fiercest passages of his pain, be at hand and keep the register upon a tally-stick, a notch to each paroxysm. Caesar is ill. He is in a blue flannel dressing-gown, ungloved, unshorn, with drooping moustache and lack-lustre eye; the monarch put away, and present only the creature, tortured and shaken like any peasant of the swamps! Then have at him. Sketch him when he winces; be at his elbow when he turns away from his food; reckon narrowly the chances against him; and be sure he remembers day by day that his funeral can, at the most, occupy only two hours, let the car crawl as it may between the Tuileries and the Invalides. Then, when the old soldiers of the Empire shall have fired the last round, and the director of Funeral Pops shall have folded the black cloths and carried them off nimbly in the familiar green vans, who will give another thought to the thing that will be left in the vault under the new gilded dome, or to the Sword of Solferino that will lie beside that of Austerlitz? Spare him not, albeit he has been a mighty worker in history. Read his heart, if you can, while it is feeling flesh, by putting under his eye all his littleness and all your ingratitude. Be quite sure you remember no good he has wrought; no nobility of intelligence and of soul which he has discovered; no pledge of his devotion to France which he has given through the Herculean labours of his most marvellous life. "Respect the burden," said the uncle of the be-sick Caesar of St. Cloud; but hearken not to the voice from Marengo appealing for a pinch of justice to the flaming sword that delivered Italy out of bondage. The lion is smitten: look then to the heaviness of your hoofs!

It matters nothing in the balance between Napoleon the Third, lately stretched upon his bed at St. Cloud, and the hostile press of Paris, how he has governed. That which is blameworthy in the articles which the furively and openly unfriendly papers have published on his sickness is not the criticism, but the blithe inhumanity, the touch-and-go comment on a creature in suffering, the hilarious application of analysis to the death-sweat! Not content with the exaggeration of every unfavourable rumour, and the dismissal of the living man as something past and gone, that would be out of the way and out of men's minds in a fort-

night, the directors of the papers called "Liberal" have kept up the devilish game, with the help of even light medical writers. The doctor has been called into the newspaper-office to tell the French people how soon, in all reasonable probability, their Emperor would die, and free vent would be given to the score of political mad-caps, who are bent on toppling everything over for the vainglory of building up another chaotic, volcanic, ruinous régime, to be prodigal of resounding phrases and productive of general bankruptcy. The means, shamelessly employed, will suffice to put a stigma on the purpose. He who is ruthless at the sick bedside of his bitterest foe is not the man to trust with the future of a kitten. Happily, you have no idea in England of a condition of the public mind that would tolerate a burlesque of a surgical operation. When, not many months ago, I wrote about the liberties which had been given to the French press, and the uses to which M. Rochefort was devoting them, I expressed a hope, some of your readers may remember, that the licentious extravagances of 1848 would not be renewed, to give an excuse to authority for a return to a system of repression. The argument I then held is good now. We must not judge the press laws of France by our standard. In England, the public is the severe censor. The writer who passes the bounds of decency is admonished by his readers, who cast his sheet to the winds and trample it under their angry feet. In like manner, he who argues for a general *bouleversement* and recklessly attacks the "powers that be" is left unread. Suppose the English royal family subjected to the outrages which have accompanied the illness of the French Emperor—conceive the existence of the *Gaulois*, the *Reveil*, the *Eclipse*, in England, dealing with sickness at Windsor as these journals have dealt with sickness at St. Cloud!—would not all classes resent the inhumanity, and run the jackals to earth?

The result which is now anticipated—I am almost prepared to say—is deserved. It is not wise liberty which the sick Emperor's enemies have been using to shake his throne while he was laid up in bed; but licence such as would not be tolerated in England for a single day. The cruel side of the French character has peeped out ominously once again. In the thousands of light-hearted readers who can enjoy fantastic dancing by the banks of the Styx,—who can find no better use for a poor human skull than to fix a gala candle in it; and who can laugh and be merry over the daily visits of three doctors to their sovereign,—there is surely something wanting! In this fierce, cutting levity, this banqueting on a surgical table,—and this utter forgetfulness of every item of a debt to the man whom they covered with garlands when he came along these Boulevards at the head of his conquering army from Italy,—there is a leaven inexpressibly repulsive to men of calmer race and blood. It is announced that the Emperor has procured and read the medical articles which condemn him to a speedy death, and which tell his subjects how the vital functions will fail to repair the waste of blood caused by his bodily affliction. The perusal has not visibly alarmed him. At the same time a portrait of the husband and father is presented, to the minutest details, by no friendly hand—and yet the picture is winning in spite of the artist. It is conceded that Napoleon the Third has the fine old manner of the chivalrous French gentleman, and bears himself towards his wife with affectionate grace and patience and consideration. The republican spirit, moreover, is not above the description of a little court millinery, and gratefully employs its Jenkins to tell the despisers of kings and queens how the Emperor and Empress call each other Louis and Eugénie, and *toutout* one another at the breakfast-table in the bedroom, when Her Majesty is in a *peignoir*, red or purple, and plays with the dainty slippers on her feet.

You perceive that the Emperor's illness has, in a literary sense, been turned to every possible account. His bedroom is as well known to every Parisian as the Pont Neuf. That he soaks his bread in his tea in the morning is common knowledge, purchasable at the kiosks. His gastronomy is laid bare; and, for dark purposes I doubt not,

it is made known in the city which holds the great Dumas at work on his long-promised book on the French cuisine, and which Jules Gouffé has chosen as the scene of his declining years—that the Imperial family have a weakness for brisquet of veal!

Now Jenkins, of England, for very sufficient reasons, stopped at the halls of great people's houses. The French *chroniqueur* is a bird of far nobler pinion, and gets into the bed-rooms. I cannot see that he is restrained by a single particle of feeling nor a spark of delicacy. He can serve many dishes. To the *irreconcilable* he can give the number of the Emperor's pulse, count his days, and predict the ingratitude of the nation on the morrow of the Imperial obsequies. He can frighten the Bourse with a picture of Caesar in a blue flannel dressing-gown; and affect the funds by discovering valet Félix in the act of fallowing the Imperial nose, as the last word of baffled science on the mortal malady. The worst part of the wretched *lettier* is the comedy and the extravaganza played as they have been played of late. Its hollowness and utter lack of earnestness are proved by the readiness with which the light, prying writer will turn his hand to any hero, pull down any god of yesterday, and sit before anything in power or disgrace, and wag his tail. Victor Hugo, who has been blessing little children and transacting a little ceremonial crying in Switzerland, has a Jenkins told off on his traces. Caesar lies sick, and republican Hugo walks in triumph at Lausanne. Is this the contrast for which all the bad taste and want of feeling of the recent French *chroniques* have been risked? *Après!*

Is the building to be begun again, from the foundation-stone? and is ever the stone to be raised to get the effigy of the Bonaparte out of the cavity?

B. J.

OUT OF THE BEATEN TRACK.

Paneveggio, August 29, 1869.

FOR those who wish to see the whole of the route from Vienna to Trieste by daylight it is a convenient arrangement to break the journey and sleep at Gratz, where the train arrives in time for a walk to the Schlossberg, and a survey of the city from that commanding height before sunset. The sight of Schneeberg crowned with snow, about an hour from Vienna (by rail) fills you with lively expectations of mountain scenery, which are not disappointed as the train begins to labour up the slopes of the Semmering, crossing valleys near their head on lofty viaducts, mounting the opposite side to a higher level, whence you look with surprise down upon the incline up which the panting engine has so recently toiled. Still upwards climbs the train, now under, now over precipices, now through gloomy fir forests and gloomier tunnels, and at times you catch unexpected glimpses of villages left far behind as never to be seen again, or at a sudden turn Schneeberg shows his broad white back, and reach after reach of Alpine scenery bursts upon you, best seen from the left side of the carriage.

While the train stops at the stations on the way up, and women and girls offer for sale garlands of *Edelweiss*, you may see that Paris fashions have found their way even to these mountain villages. Then follows a tunnel about a mile in length on the summit level, nearly 3,000 feet above the sea, from which the train speeds merrily down the comparatively easy southern slope to Murzschlag, seventeen and a half Austrian miles from Vienna. Here—praiseworthy arrangement!—half-an-hour is allowed for dinner; and an excellent dinner, with excellent beer, is always ready. The charge for soup, bread, vegetables, outlet of satisfactory dimensions, and beer, was fifty-six kreutzers. During the summer excursion-trains run from Vienna to Murzschlag and back, whereby tourists who do not wish to travel farther south may get a good view of the Semmering and its remarkable engineering works.

The line stretches onwards through the valley of the Mur, past fir-clad hills, comfortable-looking villages, castles, chapels, or ruins on the heights, cabbage-gardens and fields of maize below, the latter suggestive of the popular diet. Towns suc-

ceed to villages, and broad plains to mountain slopes. At six P.M. Gratz comes in sight, a large handsome-looking city, the Mur flowing broad and swiftly through. From the gallery of the picturesque fire-tower on the Schlossberg the whole city with its fertile environment, the Styrian Alps, the borders of Hungary, and the low flat hill forty miles distant which marks the site of Marburg, can be well surveyed.

Southward from Gratz maize becomes the prominent agricultural feature in the landscape, with graceful patches here and there of the "gadding vine" all glowing in the summer sun; while to heighten the contrast the highest summits of the hills that border the valley are white with snow. At Marburg the line enters the Drauthal, and accompanies for some distance the swift broad stream of the Drau (Drave); concerning which the natives say "Mur falls into Drau, Drau into Sau, Sau into Donau." The scenery changes; a succession of narrows cuts the valley into a series of basins, where swamp, sedge and bulrushes compete with patches of beans and hemp, with thickets of alders and willows, woods of oak and fir, and breadths of the inevitable maize. At Cilli the station is beautified, and screened by rows of acacias: a pleasant example of the easy way in which on the Continent the stations are made to look attractive. With a few trees, a few creepers, and a sprinkling of flowers the stiff mechanical details are masked, and the eyes of travellers are gratified. And at nearly every station children with *fricia aqua*, or women with baskets of fruit, come running along the side of the train. Below Cilli the notice-boards on the railway are written in Slovak, as well as German; the valley lies deep between high precipitous hills wooded to the summit, with rocks or a ruin peeping out here and there. From Steinbruck, where the train stops to dine, the line runs up the left bank of the Sau (Save) and at Sava is within the province of Krain (Carniola). Here the valley is narrower, more precipitous, and dark with wood. But soon the scene changes, and at Loitsch foliage gives place to stone and fir forest. Stone—stone everywhere, far as eye can see; then a patch of grim forest, grey lichens, grey stumps, grizzled roots, as if even the vegetation were stony. Here and there, in the deepest hollows, lies a little garden, or field plot, surrounded by a stone fence, and ivy creeps round some withering stem, and a few vines solicit the sunshine; but everything here shows that the struggle for existence is hard. By the side of the line in exposed places high wooden or stone screens are erected to keep off the force of the Bora and drifts of snow. The Bora is a wind to be dreaded, for it blows with such vehemence as to overturn laden waggons and impede the progress of railway trains. So the stony landscape continues all the way to Adelsberg, and thence to the brow of the hills that overhang Trieste, as may be well seen from the viaduct of Nabresina, where the rents and fissures in the rocky surface assume their wildest aspect. Over this elevated region the train makes its way but slowly, then passes through a stony cutting, and emerges on the brow of a lofty precipitous hill. Far below spreads the blue Adriatic, bounded opposite by the shores of Istria, while at the head of the gulf Trieste is seen spreading over a bold slope, and stretching its mole and piers into the water. The train descends by a steep incline along the face of a cliff commanding a view of the castle of Miramar on a small promontory open to the breezes, and at dusk the long journey (fourteen hours from Gratz) is ended.

Trieste is a city which well repays the time spent in travelling to it. The contrasts between the old town and the new,—the busy port and the old Byzantine cathedral on its commanding site, and in the varieties to be seen among the population,—are full of recompense. Take breakfast under the awning of Café Tomaseo, on the quay, and you will see all the life of the port. Now Albanians walk past in picturesque costume,—now Dalmatians in plum-coloured jackets, thickly adorned with buttons,—now Egyptians in turbans and baggy trousers,—now Greeks, now Turks, marking their nationality by the style in which they wear the fez, and groups of dirty sailors showing specimens from the equivocal dwellers on the shores of the

Adriatic, from the Isles of Greece and other parts of the Levant. Some of them look so much like pirates as to make you feel thankful you are not going to cruise in their latitudes; and all the while bullock waggons creep to and fro, bearing merchandise to or from the ships and steamers that crowd the harbour, boats skim across to the floating baths, and a swarm of hawkers come pestering you to buy pipes, gimcracks or walking-sticks.

You soon discover that the city is Italian, not German, and that the *bella lingua* undergoes a strange transformation in the market-places. What a clatter of tongues you there hear among the hundreds of peasant women who, with faces dark as those of Hindoos, relieved by a white headkerchief, with long flaps hanging behind, cry out for customers, and extol their grapes, melons, peaches, plums and pears, or tempt you with a variety of vegetables. Such was the abundance of tomatoes that one might have fancied Trieste lived on nothing else. Peaches were selling at 12 centimes the pound, grapes from 10 to 15, and melons—large as a man's head—20 centimes apiece. Did't I feast!

Then there are streets lined on each side with stalls of drapery, mercery, hosiery, brooms and brushes and fancy articles, offering such a display of outdoor life as brings to mind what one has read of London in the olden time. In front of the Exchange an auction, by beat of drum, for a horse and carriage (*carretta*) was going on. The drummer plied his sticks with right good will, and the auctioneer clamoured himself hoarse to heighten the bids, but in vain; for the horse "went" for 48 florins and the carriage for 39. Then, to pass from this busy place, where the rattle of hackney carriages, of private vehicles, and of the slow-moving bullock-waggons, is overpowering, to the old city is striking by contrast; for in the old city there are no vehicles, the streets being too steep and too narrow. Old Trieste has much in common with the shabby quarters of Venice, and is not a pleasant place to live in. But toil up those circuitous lanes, and you emerge upon the platform of the cathedral, where tall, spreading trees give ample shade, and whence a prospect opens over town and country, land and water. An hour or more spent in examining the venerable edifice will still further heighten the contrast. The mixture of form, the signs of antiquity, the great breadth which gives the effect of nave and aisles in each direction,—the numerous altars and chapels, to say nothing of architectural details,—effect an entire change in the current of your thoughts. Then, outside are Roman relics: inscribed tablets, tombs, capitals and other carvings; and in each of the arches at the base of the tower you may see an old Roman column still *in situ*, but hooped with iron to prevent its falling to pieces.

Three times a day a small steamer starts from the end of the mole for Capo d'Istria, the capital of the hilly region beyond the gulf. I took the trip at 1 P.M., and beheld a curious spectacle. The deck, excepting a small space near the bow, was literally heaped with peasantry and empty baskets, returning from market. Room to walk about there was none: there they huddled, men and women, boys and girls; but a huddle so picturesque is rarely to be seen. Nearly all the women wore long earrings, which glittered at every turn of the head, and the long-flapped white kerchiefs were mingled with scarlet, yellow, blue, brown, with bright ochre spots; here and there a red fez, with heavy purple tassel, or brown or crimson conical cap, with white tassel, check shirts and blue waistcoats among the men. A painter would have made a little fortune out of the mass. All these paid but 10 kreutzers apiece for their passage, yet to them an awning was not denied; for the whole deck was screened fore and aft—a fact which owners of English steamboats might do well to lay to heart. Some of the men would have sat for portraits of brigands, so fierce did they look. Who knows? Istria is a picturesque country; but if you wander from the high roads to explore the hidden beauties of the hills, you are likely to be met by a native, who presents a revolver (!), with the suggestion, "What thou hast, or —." It was interesting to watch the breaking-up of the mass on arrival at the jetty

of Capo d'Istria, but by no means agreeable to breathe the odour thereby diffused. The few decent passengers congregated on the fore-deck did not venture to cross the plank till all the others had landed.

I longed for a sea-bath, and found one near the ship-builder's strand, in a small wooden building, through which the water flowed green as emerald. To view the town and find a dinner was the next enterprise. As regards the town, it is a strange combination of village and city: squalid houses, rubbish-bestrewn alleys, a few narrow streets, wherein goldsmiths' shops, a bookseller, and displays of gay Istrian caps and tobacco-pouches are remarkable. These converge upon the great square, where stand a *café*, the Government buildings, the cathedral (an edifice worth inspection), and in and near it a few good houses, that seem to have been built for a stately capital. Excepting the women who sat by the fruit-stalls at one side of the square, the people appeared to have nothing to do but lounge.

After a little search I discovered, in a narrow street, the Hotel Radetzky, where one half of the garden is roofed with vines, under which you dine, where the cookery is good and various, where excellent *vino nero* costs not more than 24 kreutzers the quart, and where, when you summon the waitress, you call "Pepina!"

The five hours ere the steamer goes back to Trieste may thus be pleasantly spent in Capo d'Istria. As we steamed out of the bay on our return voyage, and rounded the low sandstone cape by which the little capital is concealed, we saw Pirano on its distant promontory, and Isola, a few leagues nearer, shining with the gold of the setting sun against a background of purple.

W. W.

LITERATURE AND ART IN NAPLES.

Naples, Sept. 15, 1869.

I send you a few artistic and literary gleanings from Naples, and foremost of the sheaf must be the arrangement made, or about to be made, to extend the site of the excavations of Pompeii. The old carriage-road to Scafati, as all visitors are well aware, passes under a portion of the old city, which has, up to the present time, been hidden from the excavator. The Commendatore Fiorelli, after repeated efforts to penetrate into this part of Pompeii, has at length induced the Provincial Council to make a grant of 60,000 *lire* towards defraying the expenses of giving a new direction to the road. As the expense was probably the greatest difficulty, we shall soon hear, it is to be hoped, of the excavations being extended.

Our Museum, it is said, will be shortly enriched by a valuable contribution from Cavaliere de Rosa, of Rome. Those who have wandered over the Palatine Gardens, in the Eternal City, will remember De Rosa as the distinguished and indefatigable director of the excavations conducted on the site purchased by the present Emperor of the French. Casts of most of the ancient statues discovered there were made by De Rosa and sent to Paris, and copies of a portion of them have now been presented to, and will, I conclude, shortly decorate, the National Museum of Naples.

In a recent letter it was reported by me that a portion of the literary wealth of the Abbey of Monte Casino would shortly be made public;—a word now as to another monastic institution—that of Cava, near Salerno, only second in importance. It is open to visitors daily from 9 A.M. till 3 P.M., except on Christmas, New Year's and Easter Day, and on the *fêtes* of the King and of the Statute; presents to the attendants being prohibited. Cavaliere Salazar, Inspector of the Pinacotheca in our Natural Museum, has lately published a guide to the Abbey, in the form rather of a pamphlet than of a book; and as it is written both in French and in Italian, it will be found of great use to our winter visitors. Passing over his architectural descriptions, it will be of more interest to state that the Pinacotheca contains 127 works of pictorial art. The library consists of 10,000 volumes, many of beautiful editions. Very remarkable, too, is the collection of *Incunabula*, amounting to 600, the most ancient of which dates so far back as 1467. The

archives are composed of two rooms. In the first are preserved all "papers"; in the second there are 15,000 diplomas, Greek and Latin Parchment MSS., arranged in perfect order, with a chronological and alphabetical index, in eight volumes. Some of the most remarkable of these are exposed to view.

By the suppression of the monasteries, as every one knows, a mine of artistic and literary wealth has been brought to light, and it is with pleasure, therefore, that I note the formation of a Commission to inquire into the condition and wants of the libraries of Italy, an inquiry which must needs embrace the hitherto hidden stores of the monasteries. The Government, with characteristic Gallomania, were disposed to collect and form some of the large libraries of the kingdom into one central library, to be called Imperial or National, after the model of that at Paris. The Commission, however, in their report, with much practical sound sense, object that such a project would be impracticable or undesirable in a country of such a peculiar geographical formation, and recommend instead that a number of district centres should be selected, as Turin, Milan, Venice, Parma, Modena, Bologna, Naples, Palermo and Cagliari, where large libraries should be formed, to be called national, and should be placed more immediately under Government inspection. An admirable programme, too, is drawn up for the regulation of the libraries and the choice of *employés*, and if followed out, says a Correspondent very slyly, we shall no longer hear of officials spelling Angletterre with two *t's*, or committing such a grammatical error as writing "Nova Methodus," or exhibiting signs of what Goethe called "Italienische nonchalance."

May I notice in conclusion the common, if not almost universal practice of the Italians, of inserting the date of their letters between their final salutation and their signature! It seems to me to bear in some degree on the controversy which has lately arisen as to the authenticity of what is asserted to be a recently-discovered autograph by Shakespeare. In many letters from Italians I find the date just above, in others by the side of the name. H. W.

PROPOSED EDUCATION OF THE RUSSIAN PEASANTRY.

Moscow, Sept. 10, 1869.

THE truth that knowledge is power, though proclaimed centuries ago, appears to be still only partially understood; and in these days of colossal standing armies and perpetual improvements in artillery, it is gratifying to find any question of national improvement so zealously and honestly debated as that of the best method of educating the newly-enfranchised masses of Russia. The only difference of opinion is respecting the means to be employed; the utility, nay, the absolute indispensability of the end proposed, is universally recognized. The Russian peasantry must be educated, because without education they will be but a maimed and crippled member of the great body which looks to them for support. They must be educated, because education is generally admitted to be the most efficacious remedy for that habitual excess which is the curse of the lower-class Russian from Archangelak to Sevastopol. They must be educated, in order to fit them for the higher place which they may one day be called upon to assume, as the recognized middle class of an empire which has hitherto had no middle class whatever.

There was a time, indeed almost within the memory of living men, when such a proposal as that which at the present moment fills every newspaper in Russia would have been deemed tantamount to a national suicide. Up to the end of the last century, and even during the earlier part of our own, the keeping of the lower orders in swinish degradation and bestial ignorance was considered (by those who thought about the matter at all) to be the only method of preserving the state from anarchy and the throne from overthrow. The position held by the Russian people in former times may be best gathered from the eloquent though somewhat unnecessarily bitter words of M. Herzen, in his famous Preface to the Autobiography of Catherine the Second:—

"These changes in reality affected only a limited

number—two or three German adventurers who had become Russian ministers, a few great nobles grown grey in perjury and crime, and the Preobrajenski Regiment, which, after the example of the Roman Pretorians, disposed of the crown at its pleasure. No one wasted a thought upon the silent immensity of the people,—the people, crushed, mournful, voiceless—which, as a cipher in the state calculation, beyond the pale of the law, accepted passively the terrible ordeal to which the will of God subjected it, and paid little attention, for its part, to the train of spectres who mounted with a tottering tread the steps of the imperial throne, glided away like shadows, and disappeared in the wastes of Siberia or the dungeons of the citadel. The people, in any case, were sure to be plundered; and thus its social condition was ensured against every chance. The Winter Palace, with its complicated intrigues and barbaric luxury, was a community by itself, and, floating like a ship on the surface of the empire, had no connexion with the inhabitants of the depths below, save that of devouring them. Once only, during her whole reign, was Catherine the Second reminded of the existence of the people—when the Cossack Pugatcheff, at the head of an army of insurgent peasants, threatened Moscow. Pugatcheff once conquered, the Winter Palace again forgot the peasantry, who were heard of no more till they brought themselves to mind by rising *en masse* in 1812, rejecting the freedom which was offered them at the points of foreign bayonets, and dying to save a country which gave them only slavery, degradation, misery, and the neglect of the Winter Palace."

This period has now happily gone by for ever; and the future position of the lower orders is a problem which can no longer be solved by ignoring it. The peasantry must be educated; but how? Three answers have already been given to this question. One theorist, with a genuinely Russian aptitude for cutting the Gordian knot, proposes to abandon the attempt as far as the present generation is concerned, and make the *coup d'état* upon the children of the newly-enfranchised serfs. Another advocates the establishment in various parts of the country of large Government schools, and the inauguration of a system of compulsory attendance like that at present dominant in Prussia. A third, in a series of very clever anonymous letters recently contributed to the *Moscow News*, strongly condemns this suggestion, and recommends the establishment of a kind of national competitive examination, with special rewards and privileges for those who shall be found duly qualified. He further proposes to educate a certain number of persons in every village, and, by means of the educational leaven thus obtained, to leaven the whole mass of popular ignorance—a project for the execution of which the aptness of imitation and peculiarly clanlike temperament which characterize the Muscovite afford special facilities. In some of his conclusions the writer seems to have been carried away by his own earnestness; but, nevertheless, he deserves the highest praise for his zealous advocacy of an immediate commencement and his fearless denunciation of the doubts and hindrances suggested by less whole-hearted advisers. We fully concur with him in thinking that the difficulty of the task has been immensely overrated. It is asked by many political Micioahs, "How are we to set about educating, all in one moment, twenty-three millions of men who are intellectually on a level with children or savages?" Nevertheless, both children and savages have been educated before this; nor have any very appalling difficulties attended the undertaking. The Mujik is a child, it is true; but what living creature can surpass a child's thirst for knowledge, his constant questionings upon any new subject, and eager prying into "the unexplored realms of infinite thought"? The Mujik is a savage, it may be; but no savage above the lowest grade of barbarism is so wedded to ignorance and brutality as to decline exchanging them for anything better. The great desideratum of uncivilized as of civilized man is power; and so long as his beautiful ideal of power is embodied in physical strength and prowess, he will naturally despise all pursuits which do not appear to conduce to his cherished end. But let him be once fairly convinced (as he must

inevitably be sooner or later) that mind is king over matter—that the swift foot and strong arm are but as lackeys to do the bidding of the supreme intellect—and he will be as zealous for the new form of dominion as he once was for the old. Ignorance there is indeed, only too abundantly, in the mind of the Muscovite peasant; but he has much less than is generally supposed of that obstinate persistence in error, and defiant reiteration of a prejudiced opinion simply because it is one's own, which are met with, far too frequently, in more civilized lands. If unlearned, he is at least willing to learn. Only a few days since, when spending the night at a village some little distance from Moscow, we exhibited to our host *pro tem*, a volume of *Good Words*, which we happened to have with us at the time. His boyish open-hearted delight at the pictures that filled it,—the eagerness with which he drank in our explanation of them,—his repeated and intelligent questions respecting England and the west of Europe generally, and ready comprehension of the answers that he received, were a sight well worth seeing, and one that would have not a little astonished the hasty and one-sided observers who are fond of depicting the Russian as a beast, with the single human attribute of dishonesty. Such may, perhaps, be the character of the lower-class Russian of St. Petersburg, deformed by an atmosphere which has absorbed the vices of four great nations while eliminating their virtues; but the peasant of the central provinces is a widely different and far nobler creature. The ignorance, sluggishness and intemperance of the *Mujik* belong to the system under which he has been reared: his frank hospitality, cheery good-humour and simple, child-like piety are all his own. For the elevation of such a race no labour should be deemed excessive. To aid in the enlightenment of these brave, simple souls, who are now striving to grope their way out of the unwholesome darkness which has so long environed them, is a noble and Christian work, well worthy of the man who freed his people eight years ago; and all the more so, since this second emancipation is as far above the mere material enfranchisement of 1861 as the soul is above the body.

Our list of new books for this month contains little worth noticing, the winter being the most active season with Russian publishers. Of M. Turgeneff's last novel, 'The Unhappy One,' which has recently appeared in a complete form, we shall have more to say hereafter.—'The World of Legends,' by G. Kletke, is a very amusing collection of northern fairy tales, which will doubtless be highly valued by the little Ivans and Prascovias of the metropolis, during the long winter evenings which are now almost upon us.—'Russian Railways, Present and Future,' is an interesting but somewhat too hopeful survey of an intricate and at present much-agitated subject.—'The Life of the Archimandrite Theophan,' by N. Subbotin, gives a very simple and pleasing picture of one of Russia's unlaurelled heroes. Besides these, we have to mention translations of the poems of Heinrich Heine, of Paul de Kock's 'Magdalene,' and of M. Féval's 'Couteau d'Or.' K.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

WE have reason to believe that two of the ex-Presidents of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, Mr. Whitworth and Mr. Fairbairn, have been offered baronetcies by Mr. Gladstone, and that they have accepted the honour. It is hardly necessary to say that the first is pre-eminent for his Practical Mechanics, and the second well known for his metallurgical investigations.

There is now preparing for publication in England a work by General Garibaldi. The theme, if not the title, is "Rome in the Nineteenth Century." It is understood to be a popular book, and one which will throw some light upon many matters which have hitherto been but partly seen or quite concealed. The General's great ambition now being to assist in the education of Italy, we may expect in it some information respecting the reasons for the need of education in a country which was once one of the Lights of the World.

In biography, the most notable work promised by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett is 'The Life and Remains of the Rev. Dr. Lee,' Minister of Old Greyfriars and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. Mrs. Oliphant contributes an introductory chapter, but the biographer is the Rev. R. H. Story, of Roseneath.

In the literature of fiction, the same firm will put forth this autumn 'The Unkind Word,' by the author of 'John Halifax'—one of several stories to be contained in two volumes. Also 'Noblesse Oblige,' by Sarah Tytler,—'Gay Vernon,' by the Hon. Mrs. Woulfe,—'Debenham's Vow,' by Amelia B. Edwards,—and 'The Duke's Honour,' by Mr. E. Wimperforce, author of 'Social Life in Munich.'

Francis the First, in art, in romance and in history, has been a favourite subject with writers and artists. This King will be the chief figure in two volumes of historic studies, by Mr. A. Baillie Cochran, to be published by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett.

Mr. W. W. Skeat's edition of Chaucer's 'Bred and Mylk for Chyldren,' a treatise on the 'Astrolabe,' for the Early English Text Society, will not be ready till next year.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. will shortly publish 'The History of the Life of Albert Dürer, with a Translation of his Letters and Journal, and some Account of his Works,' by Mrs. Charles Heaton. This work will be illustrated by reproductions, by the autotype (carbon) process of photography, of many etchings by the artist, including 'Melancholia,' 'The Knight, Death and the Devil,' 'St. Jerome reading,' 'The Prodigal Son,' the limestone carving which is styled 'The Naming of St. John the Baptist,' &c.

Miss Braddon promises to lead off the *Belgravia Annual* with a story called 'The Scene-Painter's Wife.'

There is being privately circulated the prospectus of another forthcoming weekly periodical for Freemasons. Among the matter promised is 'The True History of Freemasonry, tracing its Foundation to the Shepherd Kings.' Considering that other masonic inquirers can barely grope their way among the guilds of the Middle Ages,—and that, as to the Shepherd Kings, Dr. Beke and other Correspondents are seeking through our columns to find out who they were,—the attempt is ambitious. It is only lately a worthy brother connected Freemasonry with the Cuneiform inscriptions; but as the said inscriptions obstinately refused to be read by him, and nobody who could read them would give the interpretation wished, this discovery has collapsed. In the last century, Joseph Balsamo, as Count Cagliostro, found no difficulty in persuading the ignorant among the Freemasons in France that he possessed Egyptian records of Freemasonry; and this before the hieroglyphics had been interpreted! It is an instructive comment on the vitality of impostors and dupes among the semi-educated that another Egyptian Freemasonry was started in France in this century, and is not yet extinct.

A new English paper has been inaugurated at Panama.

Medical literature will be shorn of a portion of its tribute this year by the omission at St. Bartholomew's Hospital of the usual lecture at the opening of the schools. The *Medical Times* asks, "Is this because the managers of the Hospital are afraid to meet the students?" The same literature, however, has received a remarkable accession in a letter addressed by Dr. Mayo, Fellow of New College, Oxford, to the Prince of Wales (President) and the Governors of the Hospital. With the dissensions and dissatisfaction prevailing in this institution, and affecting, it is said, its usefulness, we have nothing to do; but Dr. Mayo's pamphlet concerns the world outside. Finding it impossible, as House Physician (even with colleagues), to see between three and four hundred casualty patients every morning, and visit the more serious cases in the wards also, Dr. Mayo suggested a change in what the *Lancet* roughly calls "a shameful farce," which allowed of only forty seconds being given to each casualty case, and left the House Physicians exhausted to meet the more im-

portant cases in the wards. Dr. Mayo seems to have been ordered "not to meddle" in matters which concerned only the Governors. He thought the matter serious enough to concern society at large, and persisted. The Governors (non-medical men) first suspended and then dismissed Dr. Mayo—a course which the medical journals seem to think as very honourable to that gentleman. It is likely to be followed by sweeping reforms which Dr. Mayo's letter shows to be absolutely necessary, if the reputation of St. Bartholomew's and its usefulness are things of importance (as, no doubt, they will be found to be) in the eyes of the lay governing body, now opened, as well as those of the world, by Dr. Mayo's temperate and well-timed letter.

On the annual speech-day at Christ's Hospital last Tuesday an official announcement was made of various important changes in the course of education there practised. Greek has been discontinued in the lower classes, so that out of 1,200 boys only 180 now learn it, instead of 750 as heretofore. The time thus gained is devoted partly to French, which is now taught throughout the whole school in London, partly to English language and literature, and partly to arithmetic, the hours for which are increased by one-half. Vocal music also receives much more attention, and a band of thirty-five boys has been formed for the practice of instrumental music. Lastly, a class of about sixty boys will immediately commence the study of chemistry, and be permitted to work in the laboratory of Bartholomew's Hospital, under the superintendence of Dr. Matthiessen.

A new College is about to be instituted under the title of University College of Wales. Its promoters hope it will resemble in position and privileges University and King's Colleges, London, and the Queen's Colleges in Ireland. It is to be open to students of all creeds, and is intended to do for Wales what University College, London, has done for England, by becoming the foundation of a national university, which, however, is to differ from the University of London in the requirement of residence for three years at the new college or some other affiliated college. The Castle House at Aberystwith, a suitable building, has been purchased at a cost of 10,000*l.*, about half of which has been subscribed.

Our allusion to a vacancy in the editorship of the *London Gazette* has called up a crowd of candidates. It is, however, said that this profusely-paid sinecure will be abolished by the Government. On the other hand, Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, we understand, is a candidate, and, it is said, with the support of the Prime Minister himself.

At the Amsterdam Exhibition, out of about 210 British exhibitors, 150 have received rewards, including 15 diplomas of honour, 10 gold medals, 36 silver medals, 28 bronze medals, and 12 honourable mentions. Besides these, exhibitors not coming properly within the scope of the Exhibition (owing to their goods being of a different or expensive character, and therefore not strictly suited to the working classes), received 17 diplomas of excellence and 3 extraordinary mentions. There would have been other awards, but the jury decided not to recompense raw materials.

The pulpit has taken up the Byron scandal. The Rev. Mr. Dunbar, of All Saints, Lambeth, is reported to have asked in a sermon *why* Mrs. Stowe had made her now notorious revelation? and to have answered his own question by another: "For the sake of a notoriety as great as that of Judas Iscariot, or for the thirty pieces of silver offered by a magazine editor?" This would seem to show that the transpontine pulpit is as startling in effects as the transpontine stage.

A man, the titles of whose literary productions fill sixteen folio pages of the Museum Catalogue, must not pass away without record, since he was an author so prolific, as well as a very orthodox Bishop. The world had long expected the demise of the late nonagenarian Bishop of Exeter. Just as he had resolved to give up his bishopric, but had determined to retain the Canonry of Durham (the duties of which he had long been less able to fulfil than those of his diocese), the Great Inevit-

able carried him off from both. We will illustrate his natural character by one incident. When this prelate was one of the congregation at a church in Torquay, the over-nice clergyman used the words, "eat and drink their own condemnation"; whereupon the sonorous voice of the diocesan rolled forth the word "damnation," which is the word; but the good people in the pews looked astounded. Bishop Philpotts has left his rich ecclesiastical library to the county of Cornwall, provided a suitable building be erected for it at Truro within three years.

The old quiet nook of Queen's Square, Westminster, is doomed. It is now a thoroughfare from a station of the underground railway to St. James's Park. The curious old house close to the Park is now being pulled down. It has over each of its many windows a separate mask, and although there is small invention in them they are worth saving for the Architectural Museum, as specimens of their olden day.

The *Dorset Express* records the discovery of a beautiful stalactite cavern in the Isle of Portland.

A case that recalls to mind a savage period, which we thought had gone out with the "gentlemen" of that time, has occurred at Douglas. In the *Isle of Man Times* some verses by a Capt. Stokes were inserted; but it was not discovered till too late that the initials of each line, read acrostic-wise, were of a nature to shock all cleanly-minded persons in the island. The editor gave expression to his feelings, in a subsequent number of the paper, in a way which led the author to commit an assault on him, which, if correctly reported, was of an aggravated character. The magistrates fined the author of the above acrostic for an attack on a man who is described as "much smaller than himself" by a fine of two pounds!

Among other causes of depopulation devastating Polynesia, and threatening the early extermination of the natives, is the great spread of leprosy. It is now infesting Maui, in the Hawaiian group, and the Marquesas Islands, and there is fear of its being propagated among the crews of American and other trading vessels; so that it may spread among other populations.

A new example may be cited of that joint colonization now being carried on by the English and Chinese, and which is materially affecting California and Australia: the island of Labuan is now flourishing by means of Chinese labour.

Under the heading "Personal," the *New York Times* of the 6th inst. says: "A son of an ex-President of the United States, from Virginia, who has become utterly debased by indulgence in strong drink, was to-day admitted to a charity ward in one of the hospitals of this city."

A very dubious recognition is reported from India of the services and abilities of Mr. W. W. Hunter, B.C.S., the author of 'The Dictionary of the Non-Aryan Languages of India.' He is to be employed in literary work, but unluckily that is not in pursuance of his own speciality, in which it is desirable his labours should be continued. It is a useful work, nevertheless. He is to compile a Gazetteer for Bengal, and to assist the Government with his advice on a plan for the consolidation of similar gazetteers for other provinces into a general Gazetteer for all India. This appears strange work for a Government; but it is very necessary in India, where even the Government does not know its own possessions. The Census of Oude shows that instead of the population being 2,970,000, as in one responsible return for 1862, it is actually 11,220,747.

Among the phenomena of change reported from India the press is engaged with the spectacle of dancing Indian kings. The Maharajah of Jeypore, of ancient lineage and large dominion, gave a ball at Simla, where he danced with the Countess of Mayo; while in the South the Guicowar of Baroda has been enacting a like part. The Maharajah of Patiala is expected to rival him of Jeypore on an early day. All these princes are Hindus and not Mussulmans. The Mussulmans of Turkey have already attained to dancing, and we may say there

have been some few Muslimeh also. The old and the new strangely mix in these times of transition. The Guicowar beat the northern king, for he danced in four sets of quadrilles instead of one alone, and also in the Lanciers and Varsoviennes. He provides for his guests elephant and rhinoceros fights, for which there is full provision at Baroda. Some incidents of these performances are not perhaps revealed, namely, the demeanour of the ladies at home on the return of their lords. There is a characteristic story of a Governor-General in Turkey, who had given a ball in his palace, and as customary, a lady of the Consular corps was requested to receive the company. The Governor-General thought it his duty to his European and Levantine guests to give his arm to the lady, a handsome one, while walking round the rooms. This being perceived by the Khanum, from her adjoining apartments, she received the champion of civilization with a box on the ears at the earliest moment of his arrival within her reach; the arm-in-arm detail not having been within her accepted programme.

GUSTAVE DORÉ.—DORÉ GALLERY, 33, New Bond Street.—EXHIBITION OF PICTURES, OPEN DAILY, at the New Gallery, from Ten till dusk.—Admission, 1s.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC.—New and Popular Entertainments.—Daily, at Three and Eight, Prof. Pepper's new and profusely illustrated Lecture on the PENTACOSTELLING, or International Exhibition of Amsterdam.—Daily, at Four and Nine, Messrs. Henry and Walter Wardrop's new Musical and Mimetic Entertainment, entitled, 'Peculiar People of the Period, or Sketches of Life in High, Low, and No Society.'—Open from Twelve to Five and Seven to Ten.—Admission to the whole, 1s.

SCIENCE

Military Breech-loading Rifles; with Detailed Notes on the Snider and Martini-Henry Rifles, and Boxer Ammunition. By Capt. V. D. Majendie and Capt. C. O. Browne. (Woolwich, Boddy & Co.)

THE Assistant Superintendent and the Captain Instructor of the Royal Laboratory at Woolwich have combined to produce a very useful little book. The former, Capt. Majendie, contributed a sketch of the history of military breech-loaders, an account of the introduction of the Snider rifle, and a description of the Henry-Martini rifle, with an account of the steps which led to its provisional adoption. The latter, Capt. Browne, contributed a detailed description of service-arms and ammunition, the Snider conversion, the Boxer ammunition, and the Boxer-Henry ammunition.

We think every soldier should be induced to take an intelligent interest in all that appertains to his calling. He will go about his business twice as actively, and do his work better. If he knows how his rifle is made, and why it is so made,—what it can do, and why it beats other rifles,—how much of its value is due to the barrel, how much to the breech action, how much to the ammunition; his arm becomes a companion to him; it is no longer a mere piece of wood and iron. All officers of artillery, and large numbers of the non-commissioned officers and men, are instructed in the manufacture and nature of their guns, carriages and ammunition. Hence they practically understand their weapons. Officers of infantry might learn and teach their men a great deal from this little book.

It is scarcely of a nature to be criticized as a literary composition. Capt. Majendie's two chapters are lively and popular, and full of information. Capt. Browne's portion of the work is necessarily technical, and his one digression had far better have been omitted. It would have been preferable to leave the history to Capt. Majendie, than to introduce the battle on Mount Gilboa, as told in the first book of Samuel, as an instance of "an elongated projectile with a comparatively flat trajectory asserting its superiority,"—by the bow and arrow replacing the sling and stone. We always want

original authority for these antiquarian illustrations; and ought to be told the precise meaning of the Hebrew terms by which the different weapons were originally expressed. We must add our opinion that David's miraculous conquest over Goliath, and other illustrations from the books of Kings and Chronicles are as out of place in a semi-official work on breech-loading rifles, as was the "flaming sword of the cherubim," when introduced by a recent writer into his chapter on early weapons in a so-called 'History of the British Army.' But, after all, this does not in any way affect the correctness and value of the book, both of which are unimpeachable.

MEDICAL BOOKS.

Clinical Lectures and Reports by the Medical and Surgical Staff of the London Hospital. Vol. IV. (Churchill & Sons.)

AMONGST hospital Reports, those of the London Hospital ought to take a high position. They contain very important contributions from all the medical staff. Of course, these gentlemen have very unequal opportunities of contributing to these annual Reports. At the same time, the activity of Mr. Hutchinson and the value of his Reports make him undoubtedly the most distinguished contributor to this volume. His lectures on the treatment of skin diseases, and on the use of the ophthalmoscope, are worthy the attention of all medical students. The cases reported, and papers by Dr. Hughlings Jackson, Dr. Sutton, Mr. Couper, Mr. Maunder and others, are all of practical interest, and must be regarded as valuable contributions to the literature of medicine and surgery. The statistical tables of cases, by Mr. Hutchinson and Mr. Maunder, are especially valuable, and, although very dry reading, they will one day serve the purpose of bringing out general laws which will make medicine and surgery much more certain branches of science than they are at present. If some general system of tabulating cases were adopted at all our hospitals, much more important results might be obtained than have been hitherto got at by the present loose system of recording individual cases.

On Spinal Weakness and Spinal Curvatures. By W. I. Little, M.D. (Longmans & Co.)

Dr. Little, by his long-continued labours on the subject of spinal deformity, claims to be heard as an authority at the hands of his profession. The subject which he has studied has too often fallen into the hands of those who are ignorant of its true nature, and in their treatment of the disease only prey upon the pockets of those who are its unfortunate sufferers. Fortunately, the establishment in London of an hospital devoted to deformities has reared a body of able surgeons capable of dealing with this subject in a scientific manner. It is too much to suppose that they would all agree on some of the difficult problems involved in the cases they have to treat; and in this volume we find Dr. Little contending for certain views of his own on these subjects. In this book Dr. Little addresses his own profession; and every one who has to treat the diseases on which it treats will feel themselves benefited by its perusal.

On the Pathology and Treatment of Albuminuria. By William H. Dickinson, M.D. (Longmans & Co.)

It might have been supposed that after the numerous excellent treatises which have recently appeared on diseases of the kidneys there was really no need of another. At the same time, we feel assured that any one who will carefully read Dr. Dickinson's work will be impressed with the fact that he has contributed much important information to our knowledge of kidney-disease. We would especially refer to the chapter on amyloid degeneration of the kidney, in which the author describes very accurately both the chemical and microscopical pathology of this disease. The chapters on the causes of disease of the kidney are highly creditable to the author's skill and diligence. By a large series of inquiries he shows most conclusively

that the favourite theory of the alcoholic origin of these diseases is altogether fallacious. In the same way, and adopting the same method, he comes to the conclusion that climate exercises more influence than any other cause. Diseases of the kidney do not occur in cold or in hot climates. According to the axiom that an organ most used is most liable to disease, the kidneys, which are most used as excretory organs in temperate climates, are in those climates the most frequent seat of disease. The practical inference is that persons who are disposed to kidney disease should seek cold or hot climates and avoid temperate ones. We commend Dr. Dickinson's work to the medical profession as a work very worthy their study and attention.

The State of the Medical Profession in Great Britain and Ireland. By William Dale, M.D. (Dublin, Fannin & Co.)

In the preface to this little volume we are given to understand that it was one of a number of essays sent in for a prize offered by the late Mr. Carmichael, of Dublin, for the best paper on the subject to which it is devoted. It does not contain much that will be new to the members of the medical profession in the United Kingdom. They groan under the weight of their medical institutions, and although much has been lately done to alleviate their pressure, there is much still to be done to liberate a liberal profession from legislative enactments, which are as mischievous to the advancement of medical science as they are oppressive to the practitioners of the medical art. The profession itself is quite unable to effect any change. The present Medical Council is as great an incubus on the profession as any of the individual corporations, and it is only when the Legislature of this country shall come to a right conviction of the relation of the State to medicine that any beneficial change can be hoped for. At present the Medical Council is an *imperium in imperio*, with more power for oppressing its members than any State Church, and until the Legislature takes into its own hands the examination and licensing of medical men the present unsatisfactory condition of the medical profession will exist. When once the State cuts off all connexion with licensing and examining boards, consisting of bishops, universities, colleges of physicians and surgeons, and apothecaries' companies, and institutes one single final examination for all men intending to practise in the medical profession, the present outcry and contention will cease. What is wanted is a medical Gladstone in the House of Commons, who could expose the vices and errors of the present system and propose a disestablishment of the twenty or thirty medical corporations which by their constant quarrelling and opposition do more to keep down medical progress than all the rampant quackeries of the day. One of two things ought to be done: if the State thinks it right to license medical practitioners they should take the control of the licence and leave medical corporations to themselves. If on the other hand they think medicine should be free, then let them take away from contending physicians and surgeons the right of granting licences altogether. The present system is a gross anomaly and unworthy a free and enlightened country.

Thoughts of a Physician. (Van Voorst.)

THESE "thoughts" are not necessarily medical thoughts. Nevertheless, they are undoubtedly suggested by the practice of medicine. They are, in fact, a series of short moral essays, the result of thought pursued during leisure from active medical pursuits. No one can read them without feeling that the author is in earnest about the higher objects of life. These essays may perhaps be read where more sustained productions would not be tolerated. In medical reading the place for them would be the carriage-pocket, to be perused between the intervals of seeing one patient and another.

CELTIC LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

Dublin, Sept. 18, 1869.

Signor Nigra has recently published in Paris an edition of the 'Glossæ Hibernicæ Veteres Codicis Taurinensis.' Even after the edition by Whitley Stokes of the Turin Celtic, i.e., in this

case, Irish glosses, an edition which Signor Nigra received too late to make use of for his own book (vide his Preface, p. 8), I welcome this new edition of the Turin MS. by the illustrious Italian; and I welcome it perhaps all the more, because "nec semper ceteroquin cum clario editore consentio." (Preface, *ibid.*) From the divergence of opinion truth will ultimately emerge.

The importance of the Celtic languages for general philological literature cannot be overrated, and any endeavour to bring out the old monuments of them, in their genuine shape, and elucidate them, such as the present one of Signor Nigra, will be heartily accepted by all who wish to see the science of languages advance.

As to the Codex Taurinensis itself, which was rescued, or rather the existing fragments of which were rescued, from perdition by Peyron, it is a vellum MS. of the ninth century, containing the Commentary of St. Jerome on St. Mark's Gospel, in Latin, with interlinear glosses, partly in Latin, but chiefly in Old Irish.

These glosses are, of course, highly interesting as being amongst the oldest monuments of the Celtic; and Signor Nigra has enhanced their value by his excellent commentary. In Signor Nigra's long Preface—one of general interest for comparative philology—he explains Irish phonetics, chiefly following Zeuss, Stokes and Ebel.

On page 7 Signor Nigra notices the "vis assonantia," according to which a hard or soft vowel produces a similar or identical hard or soft vowel in the preceding or following syllable. This assonance may be of two kinds, either retrogressive or progressive. The first (called by Grimm "umlaut," by Zeuss "inflectio") is of frequent occurrence in the Germanic and Celtic languages.

The second kind of assonance is the one known conventionally amongst comparative philologists as "vowel harmony," and is comparatively rare in Old Irish, as Signor Nigra observes (compare, however, Whitley Stokes in Kuhn's 'Beiträge,' vol. ii., pages 326, 327), but almost universal in modern Irish, where it is expressed by the rule—"Broad with broad and slender with slender." Signor Nigra does not mention that this vowel harmony prevails widely in the Finnish, Turkish, Mongolian, Tungusian and Samoyedic families of languages, and is in part observable in the Dravidian family, namely, in Telugu, which circumstances show that this phenomenon arises from inherent psychological and physiological necessities, identically the same in various human races. On the same page Signor Nigra notices the power of the accent to destroy, and, as it were, to devour, the [preceding and] following syllables, as *bisr* "fero" from original *biru* (through *biru*). Signor Nigra ought to have mentioned here, besides and before the complicated cases, the more simple ones, in which the Old Irish abounds, as *fer* = Lat. *vir*, Lithuanian *wyr-as*; *fedb* = Lat. *vidua*, Skr. *vidhāvā*. This power of the accent is shown also in the French *aviez* = Lat. *habebātis*, the English we had (subjunctive) = Gothic *hābaidēdima*; and outside the Indo-Germanic languages we frequently find the same thing in Hebrew, as compared with Arabic. Thus, for instance, Hebrew *jikūlū*, they may kill, = Arabic *jaktulūna*. Even in Lapponian, as compared with Finnish proper, Castrén has noticed the same development in his writing *De accentis in lingua Lapponica vi et natura*. So here too we have, apparently, a general law of human speech.

But to return to Ireland. Besides the deep interests which the phonetical laws, displayed in the words quoted by Signor Nigra, cannot fail to elicit,—there is another consideration suggested by them, which he has not deemed it advisable to follow, but which strongly forces itself upon my mind, namely, the historical lessons which they convey. I will at present only instance two cases of this kind, viz. the loan-words contained in Irish, and secondly the old Indo-Germanic words, common to the Celtic and the other branches of the family. As to the first, such words as *féilub* philosophia, *cretem* credo, *agpáir* abecedarium, *epistil* epistola, *testimín* testimonium, show clearly the deep influence of the Roman civilization in its Christian ecclesiastical form on Ireland. Deep, however, as this has been, it has not at all been able to eradi-

cate the traces of the original Celtic heathendom, as when *magus* is glossed by *druid*.

On the other hand, such words as *gaim hiems* (Gr. *χειμὼν*, Skr. *hima* snow, *haimanta* winter) raise a probability that the original abode of the Celts was the same as that of the other Indo-Germans. *Celt centum* (Skr. *śata*), *mís menis* (Skr. *māsa, mā*), show that the elements of arithmetic and chronology are shared by the Celts with the other Indo-Germans. Words like *athir pater* (Skr. *pitar*), *bráthir frater* (Skr. *bhrātar*), *necht neptis* (Skr. *naptri* granddaughter), *fedb vidua* (Skr. *vidhāvā*) leave no doubt that upon the whole the family arrangements are handed down to the Celts, as to the other Indo-Germans, from primeval times. *Rig rex* (Skr. *rāj*) shows the identity of the fundamental political institutions of the Indo-Germans, whilst *tuath* tribe = Oscan *toro*, Umbrian *tuta*, *tota*, both of which mean "civitas," Gothic *thiuda* "gens," seem to indicate a special connexion in the legal development of the Germanic and Italo-Celtic nations. (These last three words are not in Signor Nigra's Preface.) *Dia, deus* (Skr. *dēva*) shows the fundamental unity of the Celtic religious notions with those of the other Indo-Germans (page 48).

Signor Nigra's Preface winds up with a dissertation on the origin of rhyme as a principle of poetical composition. He considers it, like Zeuss, and no doubt correctly, as due to the Celts. There are indeed stray traces of it in Greek, Latin and Old Norse, at a time when Gaelish or other Celtic influence is out of the question ("unda sub undis labunda sonat," Attius). But as a regular principle of poetical composition, the rhyme first appears in the hymns of the Milan Church of the fourth or fifth century, commonly attributed to St. Ambrosius and St. Augustine. Milan is old Celtic territory. So it would appear as if the Celts, who have contributed so largely to the materials of mediæval poetry, by communicating through the French *trouvères* the Arthur stories to all Europe, have equally strongly affected the poetical forms of modern poetry. The supreme contempt till lately often widely evinced, and still entertained in certain narrow circles, for the Celts, as being inferior to other European races, must give way before such facts. The old Teutonic alliteration is forgotten amongst the Anglo-Saxons' descendants; the rhyme is a living principle of half their poetry. Beowulf, Widsid, Theodric, are empty names to most of us. But who does not know of Arthur and Genevra, Tristan and Isot?

This book of Signor Nigra is heartily to be recommended, not only to Celtic scholars, but—chiefly the Preface—to the literary world at large. Interlinear glosses, on a text in bad Latin, in an apparently uncouth tongue, look formidable, dry and hard; but underneath the hard shell is the soft kernel, the insight into the primeval history of nations, and into the hidden progressive march of civilization.

C. LOTTNER.

COLOURED STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS.

Portree, Isle of Skye, Sept. 14, 1869.

IF the following method of colouring stereoscopic views is new, which, as far as I know, it is, I think it will interest your readers to be made acquainted with it. In the stereoscopic views, one image of the view is superposed on the other, and produces the effect of relief; and it occurred to me that the colours of the views might be made to combine. If we tinted one of the views with a transparent colour, such as a tint of cobalt blue, and the other with a tint of carmine or lake, we should have the combination of these colours in the stereoscope, viz., a purple tint; and so with regard to the colours to produce the various shades of green, brown, &c. The colours thus employed produce remarkable effects by their transparency; and to see a view first with one eye in one set of tints, and then with the other in a different set of tints, and then with both eyes to see a third and a differently-coloured picture, is an optical effect as instructive as it is amusing. We, in fact, combine the colours in the eyes instead of the colour-cups. This is so very obvious a method of colouring stereoscopic views that I can hardly imagine it has not been tried before, and yet I can scarcely

fancy that it has been, and that I should not have heard of it and seen some specimens of it.

HENRY JAMES, Col. R.E.

The Sixth Annual Session of the Female Medical Society will commence, at 4, Fitzroy Square, on the 1st of October. About eighty ladies have now entered as students at the Society's College; and of these many are now settled in practice as lady midwives, and succeeding admirably.

The following is a list of the successful candidates, with their ages, occupations, and the number of marks they obtained, who have been reported to the Science and Art Department as entitled to the ten Whitworth Scholarships, of 100*l.* a year each: William H. Greenwood, aged 23, engineer, student at the Mechanics' Institution, Manchester, 143 marks.—Thomas A. Hearson, aged 23, engineer-student, Royal School of Naval Architecture, 137 marks.—John Hopkinson, B.Sc., aged 19, student at Cambridge University, 134 marks.—Thomas S. Elgood, aged 24, mechanical engineer, Leicester, and Owens College, Manchester, 127 marks.—George A. Greenhill, aged 21, student at Christ's Hospital School and Cambridge University, 116 marks.—John E. Brittle, aged 23, engineer, student at Sir Walter St. John's School, Battersea, 113 marks.—Thomas W. Phillips, aged 23, student at the British School, Millwall, and Royal College of Science, Dublin, 100 marks.—Richard Sennett, aged 21, engineer-student at the Royal School of Naval Architecture, 98 marks.—Robert B. Buckley, aged 21, engineer-student at Merchant Taylors' School, 97 marks.—Charles E. Leeds, aged 23, B.A. (Oxon.), student at Oxford University, 96 marks. The highest number of marks was obtained by a student at a Mechanics' Institution. The lowest successful by an Oxford University man. Both were of the same age.

A Correspondent writes:—

"Kensington, Sept. 20, 1869.

"In the *Athenæum* of September 18 an inquiry is made by Mr. J. S. George, of Nassau, N.P. Bahamas, relative to a green stone celt that he had procured in that island. I beg to inform that gentleman that some forty years ago, while residing in the island of Jamaica, I became possessed of a similar implement, of about the same size, but scarcely so thick as that described. This was likewise called a 'thunderbolt,' but its application was somewhat peculiar. It was kept in a large earthenware jar, as a charm, for the purpose of keeping—that great delicacy in a tropical climate—water cool. A short time since, I gave the celt to Prof. Busk.

R. HEWARD."

Relating to scorpions, a Correspondent sends us the following:—

"September 18, 1869.

"In your 'Weekly Gossip' of September 11 I see a notice of scorpions. The returns show that 832 persons were killed by scorpions and snakes, and 195 wounded. Now, I have watched the returns for twenty-five years in the North-Western Provinces of India, have constantly made inquiries, and have never yet seen a case of death by scorpion bite. I have heard of two cases only, and they were both those of small children. I have seen many people bitten, or rather stung, by them; and, although the swelling is very considerable and the pain great, yet in a day or two the wound is well. I have always used a little laudanum and oil, well rubbed in, with good effect. I should not have noticed the matter, were not the paragraph referred to likely to lead to wrong impressions. The reports in India are most untrustworthy; and I have known three or four murders of women passed off as deaths by snake-bite. I also remember two cases of female infanticide, in which the infants were said to have been similarly killed. Scorpions are seldom found unless sought for, and are not so common as is generally supposed.

C. H."

The new Silk-Supply Association has been occupied with an interesting example of female devotedness. Mrs. Povall, a lady from the Cape of Good Hope, who has taken an interest in promoting silk culture as a remunerative household employment for females of the respectable classes

in those Colonies, lately brought to the Association some Cape silk of very fine quality, but which, from being badly reeled, was of inferior price. The value of good reeling was pointed out to her, and the lady made up her mind and carried out a plan of going to Berlin and working as a reeler in a silk-factory. She has returned with good reeled silk, and is now preparing for her voyage to the Cape to instruct others in her valuable acquirement.

A new emigrant element of American population is reported. The Californians, among other enterprises, have engaged in silk culture; and, as the Chinese labourers do not come from the silk districts, but the coast, a large body of Japanese silk labourers has been imported. These phenomena of migration are well worthy of observation and record.

Among hill establishments in India is to be the formation of a Government Botanical Garden at Shillong.

It is not unworthy of remark that, while great and universal exhibitions in the Old World are considered by some as having nearly run their course, they are doing good work for our manufacturers in new regions. In the late Exhibition at Santiago, in Chili, a contest took place of English and American reaping and agricultural machines, which has given English productions a high place in the estimation of the Southern agriculturists. An Industrial Exhibition for Peru was hastily got up last month, at Lima, and is considered very successful; while the superiority of English and American workmanship and ingenuity was again proved. The Peruvians are so pleased that they have decided on having another exhibition, on a grander scale, to be opened on the 9th of December, 1870; and, for this purpose, the Government has issued a decree voting 50,000*l.* for the erection of a handsome building, which is to be finished by the 28th of July. Foreign exhibitors are to be invited.

In consequence of the outbreak this year of the volcano Izalco, on the isthmus of Central America, the Government of Salvador sent a scientific expedition to report on the ravages of the eruption. The Commissioners, Messrs. Dorat and Bonilla, besides geological specimens, brought back with them some archaeological objects, found in the grave of an aborigine on the Lasso Hacienda, in the neighbourhood of the city of Izalco, and presented by Mrs. Transito Castillo de Barrientos. They include an arch, of fine hewn stone, manufactured by the natives prior to the conquest; an instrument made of porphyry, and highly polished; two small jars, of fine alumine, of different sizes, painted in colours still bright. Other contributions were a leaden plate, with inscriptions in ancient characters, discovered by the Rev. Miguel Rosalos in the ruins of the Temple of Santa Isabel, in Mejiicanos of Sansonate, and some ancient coins (?), said to have formed part of the treasure of the Temple. Various fragments of obsidian were collected, from which the ancient inhabitants manufactured their arrows and cutting tools and instruments prior to the conquest. These and the specimens of natural history were collected as the beginning of a Museum in Salvador, which the President is expected to encourage.

FINE ARTS

PICTURES AND PICTURE GALLERIES.

Sept. 18, 1867.

A few quiet days at Brixen in the Tyrol, out of the great stream of English tourists, who rush past it at a respectful distance, enable me to gather the latest impressions of works of Art, which, having looked at over and over again for the last thirty years, I may be permitted, perhaps, to say something about. During that period picture galleries have, for the most part, undergone great revolutions, names of high note have been banished to the limbo of the unknown, subjects have been changed, and sometimes also the sex of the party represented. A conscientious sense of duty has vanquished the vanity so often found in high places, modesty has taken the place of presumption, and

a confession of ignorance paved the way to real knowledge. As the able editor of the present Catalogue of the Musée Royal de Belgique, M. Fétis, well remarks—"to know what is wrong is worse than knowing nothing."

In 1839 the Brussels Gallery contained 251 pictures by known artists, and 88 by unknown ones; at present it contains 328 pictures by known artists, and 66 by unknown ones, so that the director has no great reason to complain, as he does in his preface, that the unknown "are numerous in our gallery," for they are not so numerous as they were thirty years ago when I first knew it. The collection then consisted of Flemish and Dutch pictures, with a few Italian, and a very few Spanish. The Italian schools were very imperfectly represented, and so they are now. The increase has been chiefly in the Flemish pictures; it is in these and in the German schools that the majority of the unknown are also found.

In drawing the line between ancient and modern schools, M. Fétis has not been very consistent; he fixes on the 16th century as the line of demarcation, assigning to the ancient schools the period from the 14th to the 16th century, and to the modern schools the period from the 16th to the 17th, yet he places Peter Breughel, called *d'Enfer*, who was born in the latter half of the 16th century, and died in the first half of the 17th, among the ancient schools, and John Breughel, called *de velours*, who was born only two years later, and died twelve years before the former, he places in the modern schools. Possibly M. Fétis may have been influenced in this instance more by the style than the date. In 1842 the gallery at Brussels passed from the hands of the Commune to those of the State: its fortune may then be said to have been made, for what the city could not do the Government willingly undertook, and from that time it has rapidly increased. It was then no longer *le Musée de Bruxelles*, but *le Musée de Belgique*—the National Gallery of a flourishing and industrious little State. Among the works of Art in consequence added to it may be mentioned the 'Adam and Eve' of Hubert and Jean van Eyck, which had for many years been concealed from view in a closet in the sacristy of Saint-Bavon. These figures cost the State, in cash, 50,000 francs, to be expended in painted windows for the church, besides other conditions. The ecclesiastics drove a hard bargain with the Government on this occasion, true to the character which they have for ages acquired. 'The Adoration of the Magi,' by Jean van Eyck, was purchased from the widow of its former possessor for 12,000 francs. Two portraits, by Memling, of Guillaume Moreel, Bourgmeister of the city of Bruges, and his wife, were purchased in 1851 for the sum of 4,950 francs. The two magnificent pictures by Thierry Bouts, sometimes called Stuerbout, representing events, perhaps mythical, in the history of the Emperor Otho the Third, were obtained in 1861 at the price of 30,000 francs. It is well worth an excursion to Brussels to see them. The fine portrait by Rembrandt (No. 277) was purchased by the city of Brussels, in 1841, for 15,000 francs: it was a memorable instance of the liberality of the city, and is worthy of record also as the last of its efforts to enrich its own gallery. As the visitor passes through the principal apartment, a pair of soft, round and very full eyes, look at him with a loving gaze, and follow him about everywhere, but whose eyes they were, or who painted them, has long been a subject of serious dispute. The picture is known as "*la jeune Anglaise*," another motive why our fellow countrymen should notice it. This young lady has acquired, in former days, the name of Elizabeth Arundell Surrey, of the noble family of the Earls of Norfolk, and the painter's name was set down in the Catalogue as Giorgione. But subsequently all this was found to be wrong. The name of a former possessor, on the back of the picture, had been taken for the name of the young lady in front, who was thought to be no young lady at all, but a youth of the male sex, and the ascription to Giorgione a mere fancy. "If," says M. Fétis, "we carefully regard the arrangement of the dress, the *ensemble* will appear to belong rather to a male portrait than a female one; but we may be mistaken." Truly I think

M. Fétis is mistaken. The dress seemed to me rather that of a female than a male, and touching the soft, loving eyes, there cannot, methinks, be two opinions. The face is that of a young female, and the picture is by a pupil of Giorgione, probably Alessandro Bonvicino di Moretto of Brescia. The two small portraits, of an oval form (Nos. 281, 282), at one time ascribed to Titian, are evidently by Tintoretto, represent either the son and the father—the former standing erect, the latter seated—or they may be two portraits of the same person in early and in later life. The elderly portrait is like that of Jacopo Robusti himself, and the younger is so like the elder—the difference of some forty years being taken into account—that I cannot but think they were intended for the same individual: in form and size and colouring they correspond exactly, and were evidently painted together. Tintoretto lived to the advanced age of eighty-two; he is here represented as about seventy, and the younger portrait looks like thirty. It would be interesting to get at the history of these two pictures, they were sent from Paris to Brussels in 1802, in the first lot of works of Art assigned to the city by the central Government in Paris, and were described in the list as two Venetian pictures of oval form by an unknown artist. Among the "*Mattres Inconnus*" of the Italian school of the 16th century, is a very interesting work representing the Madonna, the Child and Saint John, it is evidently a Florentine picture, and has a certain Raffaelesque character. It was among the pictures sent from Paris in 1802, and was then described as a copy after Leonardo da Vinci. On the left side of the stone on which the Madonna is seated are the letters "M.A." None of the wiseacres who have written on this picture have been able, says M. Fétis, to discover the author's name. To me it seems a very simple matter: the picture has the manner of Albertinelli, and the M. is, no doubt, put for Mariotto—*Mariotto Albertinelli*. I have said enough for the present about the National Gallery of Belgium, and will next notice a few other galleries; but before I do, I would fain throw out a hint to the Government of Belgium, that it would do well to unite the gallery at Antwerp to that in the metropolis. Antwerp can well afford to give up its pictures by Rubens there located, seeing that the finest works of that greatest of all masters, excepting the Italian schools, would still remain in its churches as an attraction to visitors.

To those ambitious critics who like to exercise their judgment in the discrimination of early German and Flemish masters, who have now no other distinctive title than the inglorious cognomen of *unbekannt*, the collection of pictures in the Museum *Wallraf-Richartz* in Cologne will afford a rich and rare entertainment. It is much to be regretted that so many of those artists of eminence in their day were as simple-minded as they were talented, and in the meekness of their hearts supposed that the world would never forget their names so long as it possessed their works. If fame be any consolation to departed souls, and we have Dante's authority that it is, then both they and we have been losers through their meekness; and though, after the rise of the modern schools, their works were neglected, yet the lovers of Art now turn to them with admiration, and would fain recall, when too late, some positive data to satisfy their conjectural curiosity. In the absence of such, connoisseurs have been constrained to content themselves with the titles of great works, and thus we recognize "*Der Meister der Lyversberg'schen Passion*," and "*Der Meister vom Tode der Maria*," and wherever similar works are found they are ascribed to these nameless masters. Cologne is the metropolis of ancient Art in Germany, and the glories of the earliest school of German painting are associated with the perfection of German architecture.

Before the days of Meister Wilhelm (1358—1380) and those of Meister Stephan (1420—1460) nothing positive is known about names. Artists there were for centuries before, and remains of their works still exist; but their history is involved in a nameless obscurity. Lord Lindsay mentions a certain Hans of Cologne, but nothing is there known of his works. In a publication by Von Merlo (*Nachrichten von dem Leben und den Werken Kölnischer Künstler*,

Köln, 1852) there is an account of one Johann, *Meister der Sohn des Dombaumeister Arnold*, who flourished in 1301—1311. I once asked Herr Ramboux, the former Conservator of the Museum, about this individual, and he said he had never heard of him. I thought that was enough, for Herr Ramboux was a very high authority in ancient Art, and had obtained a distinguished reputation by his artistic researches. In fact, even as regards the Masters Wilhelm and Stephan, there is something, if not mythical, at least uncertain; they have more than once changed names and works, and their individuality is always according to the latest researches of Art-historians and archaeologists. In the '*Limburger Chronik*' (1850) Meister Wilhelm is spoken of as the best painter in Germany; the altar-picture with shutters, No. 40, representing the Madonna and Child, between St. Catherine of Alexandria and St. Barbara, is now given to him, on what authority does not appear, except on conjecture, which, the Catalogue quaintly informs us, "has not hitherto been placed in doubt." It is a very beautiful picture of the Cologne school, and when I first saw it, some twenty years ago, I thought it not unlike the works ascribed to Master Stephen. The work by Master Wilhelm on which most stress used to be laid is the '*Crucifixion*' with figures at the sides, in St. Castor's Church at Coblenz; the work is in a niche above the monument of Cuno of Falkenstein, Archbishop of Treves, 1388. At the foot of the cross, with the pastoral staff in his hand, kneels the Archbishop himself, in prayer, and his portrait has some resemblance to the effigy on his tomb; the expression of his face is of the placid kind, and the figures in general partake of the same character, so prevalent in the school of Cologne. At this time the '*Dom Bild*' in the Cathedral at Cologne used also to be assigned to Master Wilhelm; it is now given to Master Stephen, and this, it would seem, on the authority of Albrecht Dürer, who in 1521 made a journey to Cologne, and jotted down in his note-book that, visiting the Cathedral, he caused the picture to be uncovered "which *Meister Steffen zu Köln* had made."

The traditional name may have been the correct one, but probably the great chief of the Upper German, or *Ober-Deutsche*, school was not very curious about names. Whether, however, it was Master Wilhelm or Master Stephen who painted the famous picture of '*The Adoration of the Kings*,' with side-figures on the *volets*, is a matter of little moment. Repeated contemplation of this great work has always confirmed my first impressions, and convinced me that it fully merits the reputation it has acquired as the *chef-d'œuvre* of the Cologne school. The figures on the right of the central picture are very noble indeed, and the colouring is rich and glorious. It would be a grand work of Art for any period. Stephen's family-name was Lochner, or Loethener; for here the learned are also divided, as likewise touching his circumstances; according to some authorities he possessed property in Cologne, as it is to be hoped that he did; according to others he was suffered to die in indigence, and even in an hospital—his history, whether in this respect mythical or real, thus forming the reverse of that of Memline, whose pictorial career, according to the popular account, began in an hospital and ended in poverty, but who, on the authority of the archives of Bruges, lived and died in that city as one of its notables.

There is a most exquisite little picture in the Museum at Cologne (No. 118), given to Meister Stephen,—"The Madonna seated within an Arbour of Roses": it is a perfect gem in its way; I used to regard it once as the glory of the collection; but then the collection was smaller than it is now, and did not possess those grand works which have since made it so famous. The Madonna is in a blue drapery, and the Child sits on her knees holding an apple. Angels support the curtain-like hangings at the corners of the picture; others are praying behind the Virgin's seat, and others are playing musical instruments in front, while God the Father looks complacently down from his place in the clouds, the Holy Ghost hovering, as a dove, at his breast.

The pictures of the "*Alt kölnische Schule*," properly so called, number in this collection 107, of which 78 are given to Meister Wilhelm and his school, the

remainder to Meister Stephen and his followers. In the subsequent period, from 1430 to 1550, this old Cologne school came under the influence of the Van Eycks: to this class belong the "*Master of the Lyversberg Passion*," eight of whose remarkable works are here, and the "*Master of the Death of Maria*," by whom there is a triptych and a Crucifixion, the former representing the Madonna, with figures of the donor's family on the *volets*. The entire number of these pictures is 207, and they are all *unbekannt*—none of the artists' names are known. The study of the Cologne school, begun in the *Wallraf-Richartz* Museum, may be advantageously followed up by an examination of the pictures in the side cabinets of the Pinacothek at Munich. It will be seen that the artists of this school were very numerous, and, though they all agree in certain characters, have yet distinctive features. There is the same refined feeling, the same serenity of expression, the same softness, and often plumpness, in the figures, the same cheerful colouring, with a peculiar tone in the shadows, approaching to a bluish black. In the pictures assigned to Master Wilhelm and his school there is generally a greater depth of colour, and perhaps less conventionality than in those of Master Stephen: his saints are jolly fellows with round, rosy, rubicund physiognomies, indicative of good living and perfect contentment.

The period of Art which preceded the Cologne school properly so called, is now named the *Byzantinisch-Romanische Epoche*; but this is putting the cart before the horse; for the Roman preceded the Byzantine. Both in painting and architecture in Germany, and especially in Cologne, the *More Romano* is the starting-point of their history. The earliest attempts in Art of which remains still exist show a rude imitation of the Roman manner, as in certain mosaics, and in the wall-paintings in the crypt of Sta. Maria in Capitolio; also the figures painted on slabs of slate in the Church of Sta. Ursula, in which the outlines are broad and strong, and are filled in with darkish colour. Illustrations of this style will be found on the ground-floor in the Museum at Cologne, along with others of the Tedesco-Byzantine school, passing into the Cologne school, the culminating point of which is seen in the works attributed to Master Stephen; then follow the works of those nameless artists who introduced more or less of the manner of the Van Eycks, of Memline, and of the Van der Weydens; and thus the early history of German Art is pretty fully developed. But for Rogier van der Weyden himself we must return to the gallery at Brussels.

H. C. BARLOW.

SIR BRIAN TUKE.

Sept. 21, 1869.

YOUR Correspondent asks for particulars respecting Sir Brian Tuke. He was Clerk of the Parliaments, and in 1525 Secretary to Cardinal Wolsey. In 1528, being one of the king's secretaries, he was sent Ambassador to the King of France, with Bishop Cuthbert Tunstall. J. Bale says he wrote observations on Chaucer, and a Chronicle against Polydore Vergil: Leland says, "*Anglica lingua eloquentia mirificus*." In 1533 he was sheriff of Essex. In February, 1540, King Henry the Eighth granted him the manor of South Weald, Essex, and the rectory for the sum of 883*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, to hold *in capite* by the twentieth part of a knight's fee. The two co-heiresses of John Lord Marney (who died 1525) sold the manor of Layer Marney, Essex, to Sir Brian Tuke in 1525. Sir Henry, afterwards Lord, Marney commenced a stately pile at Layer Marney, c. 1520. The noble gateway only remains; but this exhibits, in a very interesting manner, indications of Italian influence in its terra cotta ornaments, &c.

Sir Brian Tuke was "*Master of the Postes*," and thus explains the reasons why the mails were not sent quicker: "*The King's Grace hath no moe ordinary postes, ne of many days hath had, but between London and Calais. For, sir, ye know well that except the hackney-horses betwene Gravesend and Dovour, there is no such usual conveyance in post for men in this realm as in the accustomed places of France and other parties; ne men can keepe horses in redynes withoute som way to bere*"

the charges; but when placards be sent for such cause (to order the immediate forwards of some State packet) the constables many times be fayne to take horses out of plowes and cartes, wherein can be no extreme diligence."

Sir Brian Tuke died October 26, 1545. He then held the manor of Laver Marney, near Park Messing, the manor of Thorp and Eastlee in Southchurch, and lands in Navestock, Kelvedon Hatch, Hornchurch and Havering. He had three sons—Maximilian, Charles, George—and three daughters—Elizabeth (wife of Sir R. Scott), Alianor (wife of John Maynard, of London), and Mary (wife of George Touchet, Lord Audley). Maximilian and Charles, according to Morant, both died without issue, the latter the 29th of March, 1547. George, the third son, then twenty-three years old, succeeded, and married Margaret, daughter of W. Morice, of Chipping Ongar.

Lower, in his 'Patronymica Britannica,' says the name Tuke or Tooke is of doubtful origin. The family are said to have sprung from the Sieur de Touque, whose ancient barony in Normandy was written in charters Touqua. In Domesday Book, persons are mentioned bearing the baptismal names of Toc, Tocho, Tochi and Toka, as well as the patronymic form, Godric Tokeson. The name may be from *At-Hoke*, implying the residence of the first bearer of the name on an elevated spot. The Tokeses of Hurston Clays, Sussex, of Herts, Dorset, &c. (descendants of that house), have employed this orthography from the sixteenth century.

A contemporary portrait of Sir Brian on panel was bought by a descendant, in an old shop at Chelmsford, a few years ago. It had this motto, *το ψυχην, μοι τυχη* ("thy life, my gain"); the latter word a pun on the name. The arms of Tuke were, "Per pale indented, azure and gules, three lions passant guardant, or, a mullet for difference." In 1866, sixty-three so-called Holbeins were sent to the National Portrait Exhibition: of these about one-sixth were genuine. It is certainly curious that there should be so many portraits of Sir Brian by Holbein. Respecting other Holbeins, it is very important to remember that Mr. W. H. Black's discovery of his will settles the death of the artist as having taken place in 1543. Until this discovery in 1861, many portraits painted since that date were ascribed to him. Mr. Wornum, in his account of 'The Life and Works of Hans Holbein,' separates with great care his genuine works from those wrongly ascribed to him. In the appendix he gives a very useful list of the works of Art belonging to Henry the Eighth at the time of his death in 1547. Holbein's paintings were executed from sketches. A vast number of these still remain, though the paintings in oil executed from them are no longer to be found.

JOHN PIGGOT, jun.

PAINTED GLASS AND FRESCOES.

Salisbury, Sept. 18, 1869.

WITH reference to the paragraph at p. 377 of the *Athenæum*, commenting on a recent act of vandalism committed at Clonmore Church, Baltinglas, by the wanton destruction of the Stopford memorial window, I wish to draw attention to the necessarily fragile character of such memorials.

Stained or painted glass is attractive in itself, and, if done in a good style of art, may prove a welcome adornment to any building; but as a vehicle for lasting memorials it is a sad delusion. At Folkestone, in Kent, the worthy vicar seeks subscriptions towards a contemplated memorial window in honour of Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, a native of that place: when applied to, I dissented on the ground of this very objection.

It seems to me to be no real compliment to raise an *esto perpetua* in such fragile material; however beautiful, the investment is not secure. I have nothing to say against coloured windows *per se*, but it seems well to point out the insecurity of such an application of public funds: it is a mere delusion and a snare; millions are spent in this way, on objects which might be destroyed in an hour.

Fresco would seem open to the same objection—it does not suit our climate. The chapter-house of Salisbury Cathedral has been most beautifully restored, but your readers will regret to learn that the frescoes are peeling. I am given to understand

that the painted decorations of the entire area must go, with the sole exception of two bays, protected by a backing of slate: the damp appears to be rising all round.

A. H.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.

ONE of the oldest and most esteemed members of the Royal Academy died at the beginning of the last week. The contemporary and friend of Chantrey and of Turner, Mr. George Jones, lived long in the enjoyment of an association with the most distinguished artists and other persons of his time. When in middle age, he was a most active member of an institution, in which he filled the office of Keeper with an amount of zeal and efficiency that set that mark on the student's character, which the duties of the office, properly understood, imply the formation of. Few men have passed away who, like him, in consequence of the urbanity and kindness with which he discharged the functions assigned to him, secured the respect and affection of his students. While eminently conservative in all that tended to maintain the constitution and laws of the Royal Academy, he omitted no means of improving and of assimilating the discipline of the Academy with that pursued in similar institutions on the Continent. To that end he sought the means which foreign travel would lend in the prosecution of his aim. Though for some time in failing health, his enthusiasm for his art was undiminished, the pencil having been almost to the last continuously in hand; while his mind, ever alive to any and every thing that pertained to his profession, received fresh impulse from every source for thought and remark. Mr. Jones, for some time previously to being appointed Keeper, held the office of Librarian to the Royal Academy, in which he was succeeded by his esteemed brother Academician, Mr. Solomon Hart.

The obituary of the 17th inst. states the death, on that day, of Mr. George F. Rosenberg, Associate of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, an artist of considerable ability, who proved his powers by changing his earlier style of art, which dealt with mountain scenery and its adjuncts, for another, which was peculiar and distinct from the former, and dealt with pools of water lying still and shining, with banks of rich sward and overhung by heavy foliage. His works had of late tended to mannerism; but were always pleasant. He was regarded as possessed of sufficient elasticity of mind to deliver himself from narrow grooves of treatment and subject.

Mr. Woolner's statue of Lord Palmerston for Westminster will be erected on its proper site as soon as the return of Mr. Layard from Italy permits completion of the needful arrangements.

The arrival of Mr. Holman Hunt at Jerusalem will, we trust, soon allow us to announce his progress with an important work.

Mr. Henry O'Neil has produced a pamphlet entitled 'Modern Art in England and France' (Chapman & Hall).

The Hospital Hall, at St. Bartholomew's, has lately been profusely gilded and decorated, and the lay governors have given the use of it for the dinner of the Old Bartholomew students, on the 1st of October. The *Medical Times* remarks that the old Bartholomew's men "will see the quinine and sarsaparilla that ought to have been prescribed by the dressers spread over the walls of the dining-room." This criticism is equally "saucy" and professional.

Among the comparatively few remains of ancient Art in Cornwall was, as we are sorry to write, the curious cross of Trehella, St. Hilary. This relic of a distant antiquity was wilfully, it is said, destroyed not long since. Legal inquiries into the origin of the mischief may serve to save other relics.

Lord Clarendon, the present proprietor of Kenilworth Castle, is causing works of a rather extensive nature to be executed among the ruins of that palace, with a view of preventing its further decay. These operations embrace the Great Hall, Leicester's buildings, and portions of the external walls.

being reinstated rather than restored. With these works excavations have been carried on, and have revealed certain passages, cellars and chambers, which had been concealed by the *débris* of the upper portions of the buildings.

The Sabloniere Hotel in Leicester Square, well known in connexion with Hogarth's house, "The Golden Head," which supplied the northern half to the restaurant in question, has been sold for building materials and will soon be destroyed, and, with it the last, as we believe, metropolitan relic of the artist. We mentioned, not long ago, the at least temporary safety of his little villa at Chiswick, which was reported to be in danger. Something ought to be done to preserve the latter residence from the fate of the former; if no steps are taken to prevent the destruction of this house the painter's tomb alone will, ere long, be his sole memorial.

Jean Pierre Dantan, generally known as Dantan jeune, has died in Paris, in his sixty-ninth year. He obtained considerable reputation as a sculptor, his principal works consisting of grotesque figures of well-known characters. His travesties of Berton, Vernet, Paganini, Rubini, Vestris, Frederic Le-maitre and Arnal, with those he executed in England of Wellington, Brougham and D'Orsay, preserve in caricature admirable likenesses. His more serious works included a statue of Boieldieu, now in Rouen, one of Adelaide Kemble, and one of Rose Chéri, with busts of Grisi, Cherubini and Thalberg.

Mr. Rejlander has taken a photographic portrait of Mr. Gustave Doré. The portraits of the illustrator of Dante and Cervantes, which have been scattered over Europe, are commonplace. In this, by Mr. Rejlander, we get a characteristic presentation of the man: thoughtful, the head cast back, and the fine brow, and general outline brought out in an exceedingly happy distribution of light and shade.

The exhibition of some of Gustave Doré's pictures in New York has excited the praise of the critics. 'Jephtha's Daughter' is, perhaps, the most highly esteemed, and a wish is expressed that the whole collection may be retained in America.

From New York we further hear that Robertson is painting the portrait of Rip van Winkle Jefferson; Lumley is striving to make hop-grounds (in a picture) look as pleasant as vineyards—an easy task; and that the French colony in the city are gratified by the Emperor having conferred *la croix* on Constant Mayer, who has so long resided among them.

The equestrian statue of Don Bernardo O'Higgins, one of the liberators of Chili, was to be inaugurated at Santiago de Chili on the 18th of this month, the anniversary of Chilian independence. The cost, 3,000*l.*, was raised by public subscription, and the work was executed by M. Camille Belleuse, of Paris.

A discovery made in demolishing an old house in Strasburg, of a portion of an antique bas-relief on a pavement-stone, is supposed to confirm the alleged fact of the diffusion of foreign forms of worship among the Gauls. On the stone there appears a divine figure, all but undraped, bearded, of imposing features, and with double pairs of wings. A key is in his left, a sceptre in his right hand. Behind him is a lion passant. At each foot is a vase or bowl, overturned. That at the right foot is broken; a serpent issues from the fragments, wreathing itself round the handle. The style is vigorous, yet not ungraceful. The work is conjectured to be of the time of the Antonines. The divine figure is supposed to be that of the tutelary divinity of the house which was formerly on the site. Local *sevants* are divided between Mithra and Eon, as here represented. The prevailing opinion is for the latter, as traces of his worship are said, by French archeologists, to be found as far west as the British Isles.

One of the interesting illustrations of ancient customs which is supplied by the recently-discovered wall-painting at Pompeii refers to the mode of arranging the *retum*, or veil, over the amphitheatre. At Pompeii, if not elsewhere, it appears to have extended over the upper rows of seats only, and

Some of the doorways, windows and fireplaces are not, as by some is supposed, over the arena. Several antique amphitheatres retain blocks of stone inserted into the outer surfaces of the walls, and intended, it would seem, to sustain poles on which the screens were stretched. Painters will remember that M. Gérôme made careful inquiries into this subject ere he completed his famous picture, 'The Gladiators,' which displayed one mode of placing the *velum*.

Five thousand pounds have been subscribed towards the restoration of the choir of Salisbury Cathedral, which, as we noted some weeks since, is desired as a memorial of the late Bishop. 15,000*l.* is the amount of the estimate for the entire work in question, which will be intrusted to Mr. G. G. Scott.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

GLOBE.—'Progress,' the new comedy with which on Saturday last the Globe re-opened, is a not very successful attempt at adaptation. Mr. Robertson, to whom it is due, is happier as an original dramatist than as a translator. His pictures of English society are natural and life-like, but his endeavours to clothe French characters in an English garb are less satisfactory. In essaying to fit for the English stage 'Les Ganaches,' the subtle and ingenious comedy of M. Sardou, he has been altogether ill-advised. No modern French comedy offers greater difficulty to an adapter than this. By taking the main interest, which is the gem, and placing it in a new setting, a satisfactory work might possibly be obtained. But an effort to anglicize characters so essentially French that nothing in England answers to them, is a mistake of judgment. Life in a French château is as unlike that in an English country-house as life in a wigwam. Intimacies of the kind upon which the superstructure of 'Les Ganaches' rests, are impossible in this country. In certain districts of France there is a *noblesse* which is wholly dissociated from Paris. Successive changes of government have contributed to augment the number of those who shun the capital, and instances, such as are described in 'Les Ganaches,' of men of noblest family, who have grown up in a little court of their own, around which cling fossilized remnants of feudalism, are not uncommon. In England nothing except poverty, business, or some similar cause, keeps a man of family from an occasional visit to London. It is absurd to imagine a cause, political or otherwise, strong enough to make a man forswear the capital. Every form of interest, religious, political, social, has its centre in London, and men whom one form would repel are solicited by another. The curious transmitters of old modes of faith and loyalty, whom M. Sardou has satirized under the name of 'Les Ganaches,' seem colourless when transferred to England. It is easy, nevertheless, to see why the play recommended itself to Mr. Robertson. It is free from the crucial difficulty of French dramas, since its plot is thoroughly moral. Its method, moreover, approaches very nearly that of Mr. Robertson himself, who loves to exhibit a flower of tenderness and love in the midst of a waste of selfishness and cynicism.

A young girl, daughter of a mother of noble birth, who has contracted a *mésalliance*, is, when an orphan, received back into the family which had shown itself relentless to her mother. Once entered, she proves the light of the house. Her grandfather and her cousin, one middle-aged, the other almost a centenarian, are conservatives, to whom every form of change or innovation is intolerable. To both she becomes dear; the younger indeed, spite of his fifty years, dreams of marriage with her. She unfortunately has, during her early life, which was passed among strangers, formed intimacies and friendships she is not now disposed to forego. When a young engineer is seen surveying the house through which a contemplated railroad is likely to pass, the suspicions of some of the inmates are aroused. When the same man is found in intimate communication with the heroine, who has known him in her earlier years, and is, indeed, in love with him, a storm succeeds. The intruder is treated

with contumely and driven from the house. After his banishment, the heroine falls into an illness so serious that in time her life is held on the frailest tenure. To soothe the dying girl, and give her a chance of recovery, she is assured that her lover has proposed for her and has been accepted. Accident brings her into the presence of the engineer, and a curious scene of love-making follows. The maiden, bold in the assurance that proposals have been made for her hand and accepted, is deliciously naïve and tender in her avowals. The man, surprised at first, and not a little confused, has sense enough to appreciate the value of the treasure he has unconsciously acquired, and ere the end of the scene demonstrates an ardour equal to that of the woman who to appearance has flung herself at his feet. Thus the mock engagement, invented to flatter the girl, becomes, to the great annoyance of her hosts, real. Appeals to the honour and generosity of her aristocratic guardians are in the end successful, and a second *mésalliance* in the family is consummated, but this time with the consent of its head.

In the daring scene of love-making between the heroine and her engineer lover the interest of the piece is centered. The scene is clever, but ticklish, and requires most careful treatment from author and actor. A trifle would turn the scale on the side of absurdity. In the hands of Miss Foote, whose representations of sentiment, tenderness and pathos are always excellent, it was safe. It awoke, accordingly, an enthusiasm in the audience sufficient to render almost acceptable the clumsy and ill-executed situations and dialogue which followed.

Mr. Robertson has been quite unsuccessful in his attempt to give an English as to the eccentric types of provincial French society M. Sardou has preserved. A marquis, an adherent of the Bourbons, who refuses to acknowledge any government but that on behalf of which his family had suffered during the Reign of Terror, and who regards as a usurper each successive occupant of the French throne, is poorly represented by an Englishman who throws up a commission in the Guards to rusticate on his own estate. The Radicalism of an English doctor appears meaningless eccentricity beside the Republicanism of a Frenchman who resigned his post in the army when Bonaparte became Emperor. Each character in the play loses in the process of transference. One character, indeed, in which Mr. Robertson has endeavoured to reconcile the principal features of two of the *dramatis personæ* of 'Les Ganaches,' was so unnatural and unpleasant as to be altogether intolerable to the audience. Of M. Sardou's gallery of eccentricities, two only were successfully reproduced. In Lord Mompesson the venerable Duc de La Rochepéans found an adequate successor, and Miss Myrnie preserved unchanged the features and attributes of the *dévote* Rosalie de Forbac. The attributes of senility and those of bigotry are sufficiently alike in most countries. Like all the plays of M. Sardou, 'Les Ganaches' can claim no profound originality. One of the most charming incidents in which the heroine is concerned is derived from the 'Ursule Mirouet' of Balzac. Other resemblances not less strong might easily be pointed out. It is easy to over-estimate the importance of this constant indebtedness of M. Sardou to his predecessors. In judging of the value of his compositions, however, it is impossible to leave it out of the question.

The acting of 'Progress' was respectable. Of Miss Foote's impersonation of the heroine we have spoken in praise. It was very tender and womanly. Mr. Neville was good as *The Hon. Arthur Mompesson*, a part answering in the present piece to that in the original played by M. Lafont. A little over-brusqueness of manner in the earlier scenes might be imputed as a fault. In other respects the impersonation was satisfactory. Mr. Clarke made a clever sketch of the democratic doctor, and Mrs. Stephens was perfect as the pious spinster. Other parts were sustained by Mr. Billington, Mr. Parselle and Mr. Collett.

SULLIVAN'S 'PRODIGAL SON.'

Alderley Edge, Manchester, Sept. 21, 1869.

It would seem that the above subject has been musically treated long anterior to either Mr. Sullivan or Dr. S. Arnold. The Abbé Pierre Bourdelot, in his 'Histoire de la Musique, et de ses Effets' [1715], in describing very circumstantially the origin of the Oratorio under the auspices of S. Philip de Neri in Florence about 1540, mentions as one of the subjects then treated, the Prodigal Son received by his Father. Féélis gives 1776 (three years later than Mr. Chorley) as the date of Dr. Arnold's Oratorio of 'The Prodigal Son.'

JOHN TOWERS.

LAST WORDS ABOUT 'DAS RHEINGOLD.'

Sept. 16, 1869.

LAST week's *Athenæum* gave a new and amusing proof of the nature of the grounds on which such honest persons as bow the knee to Herr Wagner claim homage for their uncouth and shapeless musical idol. The concocter of 'Das Rheingold' has, in Mr. Walter Bache, found a champion more earnest than original, more peremptory than powerful or prudent. Let us look into the reason of such championship. First, Mr. Bache tells us, we "must consider a Wagner opera" as "a drama with musical declamation,—a work consisting of music, poetry, scenery and action." Ere thus bidden "to eat the leek," old-fashioned students like myself, I submit, had already been instructed to consider that the above-cited four elements were indispensable to every opera, whether the same was classical in the observance of unities, or romantic in its appeals to the fancy. Possibly Mr. Bache intended to say that no single element should predominate; that the scene-painter and the machinist should hold an equal place with that of the dramatist who devises the tale in poetry, of the musician who clothes it with all the garnitures of a beautiful art, subject to certain and definite laws, and that of the actors who exhibit the thoughts completed rather than nakedly expressed by the skill and science of the musician. All separation for the purpose of analysis of any of the elements aforesaid is thereby protested against by Mr. Bache. A green canvas tree is thereby asserted to be as "worthy" (to quote old grammar) as a musical phrase,—a thump on the drum as superb as any flash of genius on the part of a Pasta, a Lablache, a Malibran. Let such a fallacy pass, that we may come to a truisim of its kind equally astounding. Mr. W. Bache insists that no clear understanding of the Wagnerian shows can be arrived at without the admirer, or recusant, as may be, having been present at an efficient performance of them, or the study of some entire scene at a piano-forte recital, accompanied by the voice. "By this means," continues our enthusiast, "in the case of Wagner, the mind must distinctly realize and retain a train of musical and poetical thought which has never before been expressed, which may occupy half-an-hour in its delivery, and which becomes more clear and definite after being actually heard than can possibly be the case after being merely imagined." It is certainly as well to know something about that which the hearer pretends to judge; but such an amazing concession does not help us to the solution of Mr. Bache's difficulty. Audrey's question, "Is it a true thing?" remains unanswered. Are we considering a stately edifice,

—a pleasure dome of rare device, and composed of precious material, pointing upwards to the skies? or some chaotic monster not meriting the name of a building, in which every accepted law and proportion are reversed or set aside, and in which, failing gold and marble and precious stones, we are bidden to accept, by way of novelty, such rubbish as great artificers of genius have cast aside by reason of its meanness and want of worth? No reiteration of flat and pompous truisms, I am convinced, will give grace, variety, or originality to the inane and unmeaning phrases allotted to the singers in 'Das Rheingold,'—dramatic interest or poetry to its awkward and scarcely intelligible legend, told in flat or outrageous language,—nor practicability to scenic combinations ridiculous because impossible. Every condition that Mr. Walter Bache demands

(including that of preliminary study of the piano-forte score) was complied with by many who attended the careful and excellent, and all but complete, presentation of 'Das Rheingold' at its rehearsal. Of course, the impression of miserable weariness made on these by bad choice of the drama, by monotony and want of significance in ideas, worse arrangement of it for music, and an absurdity of scenery, is ascribed by Mr. Bache to "preconceived prejudice," to "critical obstinacy and incompetence," and to a feeling embittered by Herr Wagner's polemical habit of exalting himself by abusing his betters (not forgetting his cant about Judaism). But Mr. Bache's assertions, unsupported by proof, will no more attract a public to the booth of a transcendental charlatan, than my impressions will destroy that which deserves to thrive and live, even as the music of the great masters has thriven and still lives on the opera stages of Germany, Italy, France, and England. There may be fits of disease and bad taste; but that which is true and real is great, and, as the adage says, "will prevail."

HENRY F. CHORLEY.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

The new theatre to be erected in the Strand, on the site of the Bentinck Club, will, it is expected, be opened at Christmas. It will be under the management of Miss M. Oliver, now of the New Royalty.

Recent productions at the minor London theatres include 'Good as Gold; or, a Friend in Need when others Fail,' by Mr. Hazlewood, at the Britannia; and 'This House to Let,' by Mr. Towers, at the New East London. Mr. Boucicault's 'Octoroon' has been played at the Royal Alfred; and Mr. Charles Reade's 'It is Never too Late to Mend' at the Grecian.

Continuing his round of farewell performances, Mr. Creswick appeared at the Surrey on Saturday last as *Macbeth*; Mr. Henry Marston played *Macduff*.

We mentioned last week the prodigious amount to be paid to Madame Adeline Patti, in America, next autumn. The terms given to Mlle. Christine Nilsson are small in proportion, but they would have been considered fabulous even by the very greatest singers of the past generation. The Swedish lady receives 8,000*l.* for her present engagement in England of two months, all her expenses being paid.

In New York, Mr. Byron's 'Blow for Blow' has been produced with moderate success at the Théâtre Comique.—Mr. Robertson's 'Dreams' (with the whole of the fourth act attributed to Mr. Boucicault), has had the same sort of success at the Fifth Avenue Theatre,—and 'Formosa' has made a hit at Niblo's.

Several musical trifles have been played at various Parisian theatres during the past week. A "*chinoiserie*," 'Le Fils à Ko-Kli-Ko,' by M. l'Eveillé, was given at the Folies Marigny; and a trifle, called 'Tu l'as voulu,' by M. Samuel David, at the Bouffes Parisiens. Another novelty, 'Le Moulin Ténébreux,' by M. Albert Vinentini, is in preparation there; while opera is, after a lapse of fifteen years, to be again brought out at the Gymnase. The first experiment is to be an operetta, 'La Baigneuse,' by Madame Loïsa Puget.

M. Félicien David's 'Désert' has been repeated at the Théâtre Lyrique. At this place of experiments, Halévy's opera, 'Noë,' is to be brought out in January. The work was almost entirely instrumented by the deceased master, who, moreover, noted on the score the manner in which he intended to complete the work. The last act, comprising a symphony, 'The Deluge,' is to be written by M. Georges Bizet.

Herr Richard Wagner has applied for admission into the Société des Auteurs et Compositeurs Dramatiques, and has requested M. Auber to stand sponsor to him. Herr Wagner has in this shown unusual good taste; but what can the author of 'Le Domino Noir' find to say in favour of the concocter of 'Rheingold'?

'La Petite Fadette' deserves a better fate than

is probably in store for it. It is noteworthy that when the novel first appeared, some twenty years ago, it was speedily dramatized by MM. Anicet Bourgeois and Charles Lafont, for the Variétés, while the insignificant incidental music was written by a young musician, then absolutely unknown, M. Théodore Semet. Madame George Sand, having herself failed in her single attempt at dramatic composition, 'Cosima,' would not at that time risk a second venture. She has since become a famous playwright, and now, calling to her aid M. Michel Carré, she has converted her exquisite idyll into a *libretto*, confiding to M. Semet its musical setting. Some of the incidents in M. Maillart's popular 'Les Dragons de Villars' were suggested by 'La Petite Fadette'; so that the original author has actually been hampered by her own imitators. The present work is in three acts,—Landry, the lover of Fanchon, being driven mad by her absence, for no better reason than to be restored to sanity by her return, so as to supply materials for an additional scene. Not a note of the music originally played at the Variétés is to be found in the present work. M. Semet excels in his song-writing, his themes being generally fresh and spontaneous; but in the more ambitious portions of his works he disappoints expectation. The instrumentation, however, is uniformly admirable. It is characteristic of M. Semet that neither of his successes as an operatic composer, neither 'Les Nuits d'Espagne,' 'La Demoiselle d'Honneur,' nor even 'Gil Blas,' to say nothing of 'Ondine,' has induced him to give up his occupation as "drummer" in the orchestra of the Grand Opéra. Madame Galli-Marié acted charmingly as *Fadette*, and the opera altogether was well given.

'La Belle Hélène' has again been revived at the Variétés, with M. Dupuis and several members of the original cast. But Mlle. Aimée, the latest Helen, does not please so well as the popular Mlle. Schneider.

The little Athénée theatre has re-opened with 'Le Docteur Crispin' of the Brothers Ricci—a trifle which must be much more in place there than at Covent Garden, where it was played some two years ago.

The first performance of M. Joncère's 'Dernier Jour de Pompéi' was announced for Wednesday last, in spite of the serious illness of M. Padeloup.

It appears that the Académie de Musique and the Opéra Comique refuse to M. Bagier the permission to bring out any of their works, even those which have failed, upon his Italian stage, on the plea that he is in receipt of a subvention from the French Government. Surely he is on that very account the more justified in promoting the greater glory of the French school. If he can, by transplantation to the Italians, create a popularity for such works as Halévy's 'Guido et Ginevra' and Félicien David's 'Perle du Brésil,' he must increase the musical reputation of the country by which he is supported. Moreover, he proposes to facilitate in return the performances at the other lyric theatres. Under the circumstances, it would seem that the national establishments had taken a lesson from the fable of the dog in the manger.

The *Concerts Populaires* of M. Padeloup, and the *Concerts du Conservatoire*, which both take place on Sunday, are to meet with opposition this winter in some entertainments to be given on the same day which Herr Litoff is now organizing. The projected concerts are to be given in some large theatre, and young composers are to have unusual facilities for the bringing of their works under public notice.

Following the example of the Théâtre de Cluny, the Théâtre Déjazet has deserted extravaganzas and vaudeville for the poetic drama. The house has re-opened with 'Monsieur Grandier,' a four-act drama, in verse, by M. Guichard, formerly an actor of the Comédie. It is a good and well-written piece, with an unexceptional moral, and a story which, if simple, is not devoid of ingenuity. M. Grandier is the name adopted by M. Desroches after he has committed a fraud upon his former partner. The sum dishonestly obtained has fructified, and M. Grandier is now rich, miserly, morose,

and thoroughly unhappy. Regardless of his daughter's wishes, he condemns her to marry a man whose only recommendation is his wealth. But a second proposal comes from Madame Delval, mother of the man on whom the daughter's choice has fallen. As the match offered is scarcely less advantageous than the other, he is favourably disposed towards it. Madame Delval owns, however, that her name has been assumed, to avoid the consequences of her husband's failure; and Grandier finds in her the widow of his victim. He at once breaks off the negotiations, declaring his daughter shall not marry the son of a bankrupt. Madame Grandier has, however, learnt the true state of affairs, and now interferes. So long as her own happiness alone was concerned she has kept her husband's secret, but now when that of her daughter is threatened she will hide it no longer. She compels, accordingly, Grandier to a restitution, which renders him poor, but restores his cheerfulness and happiness. The marriage of the young people is then arranged. M. Guichard played the principal rôle in his own piece. Madame Grandier was enacted by Mlle. St.-Marc, formerly of the Vaudeville. At the same house, a dramatic sketch, by an author bearing the pseudonym of M. Ramboz, 'L'Ouverture de la Chasse,' has also been produced.

'Les Couteaux d'Or,' a five-act drama, adapted by M. Ferdinand Dugué from a romance of M. Paul Féval, has been produced at the Ambigu Comique. It is a thoroughly "extravagant" piece, conducting the spectator to the haunts of Mexican brigands, and employing the old machinery of desperate conflicts, buried treasures, abducted maidens, and the like. Its success was moderate.

M. Sardou has given permission to the director of the Variétés to play his comedy, 'Les Pommes du Voisin,' originally produced at the Palais Royal. 'Les Pommes du Voisin' is taken from 'Une Aventure de Magistrat,' a novel of M. Charles de Bernard. It gave rise, at its first production, to an amusing pleasantry of M. Léo Lespès, who wrote, à propos of M. Sardou's tendency to plagiarism, "M. Sardou est l'homme du monde le mieux autorisé pour parler des pommes du voisin, grâce à l'habitude qu'il a de les cueillir."

M. Lafont has returned to Paris, after a long stay at watering-places on the English coast.

Madame Monbelli, who sang so admirably in 'Christophe Colomb,' the performance of which at Baden was mentioned by us last week, has since made her first appearance on any stage. The vivacity and feeling she exhibited in 'La Sonnambula' justify the expectation that she will be as successful in the theatre as in the concert-room.

La Fama reports that an unpublished opera by Rossini, 'Giovanna d'Arco,' is about to be produced at the Fenice di Venice, under the management of Signor Scalaberni, formerly *impresario* of the Bologna theatre. The *libretto* is said to be by Léon Pilet. We quote the report, without placing any faith in it.

Yet another opera on the subject of Alessandro Stradella! The latest setting is by Signor Francesco Garzilli, and has just been published at Naples.

'Una Notte di Novembre,' the new opera by Signor Iremonger, has been favourably received in the Teatro Ré di Milan.

Among recent deaths is to be mentioned that of Persian, husband of the famous singer, himself at one time notorious in operatic affairs.

A Mlle. Zina Dalti, said to be possessed of remarkable talent and beauty, and engaged at the Paris Opéra Comique, has just made a favourable *début* at Brussels.

Herr Rubinstein is completing a pianoforte *Fantasia*, in four movements, and a Cantata, 'The Tower of Babel.' The latter is to be made available for stage representation, and is to be heard, for the first time, in Vienna, in January.

Bader, the Nestor of German tenors, has just died at Baden, at the age of eighty.

As all theatres seem built expressly to perish by fire, it was a clever administrative arrangement to place one of the finest picture galleries in the

world, that of Dresden, next to the theatre, which was burnt to the ground this week. The gallery was saved, but with difficulty.

At the Summer Theatre of the same city, 'La Vie Parisienne' has been played, the *comcan* being danced by a woman, in a manner that kept the house in mute horror. The spectators seem to have been too much astonished even to hiss.

Although music was only one of the numerous subjects on which Otto Jahn laboured, his death must not pass unnoticed in these columns, if only on account of the exhaustive *Life of Mozart*, which he recently gave to the world, and of his many interesting essays on musical matters. His 'Mozart' is one of the most elaborate and precise biographies ever written. Its value as a book of reference could not be overstated.

The provision of amusement for the city of Lima in August, was an occasional Concert, a fair Italian Opera, the Spanish Theatre, besides Walker's American Circus, in the Jardin d'Aurore. The Peruvians have, however, diminished their musical establishments, as two of their leading artists—Senora Larumbe, "a splendid mezzo-soprano," accompanied by Herr Franchel, "a pianist of first-class order"—had left for the United States, taking Guayaquil, in Ecuador, and the city of Panama as concert-stations on their way.

MISCELLANEA

Cocker.—Can any of your readers inform me if the following quaint MS. lines are original, or if they are quoted from any known author? I find them written in faded ink on the back of the title-page of an old edition of Cocker's 'Arts Glory'—

If any Art of Nature may have praise,
Then writings commendation we may raise.
This makes man mainly differ from a beast,
And wisdoms gloss upon his face to rest.
It hath described mens facts and fates soe well,
As if one from the grave were raised to tell.

I do not know if the work itself is rare. The title-page sets forth the contents as follows: "Arts Glory; or the Pen-man's Treasury, containing various examples of secretary, text, Roman and Italian hands, adorned with many curious knots and flourishes to render them pleasant as well as profitable; with directions, theorems, and rare principles of art, comprehending very much of the authors knowledge; also a receipt for ink, and to write with gold, wholly invented, written and engraven, by Edward Cocker. London, printed for, and are to be sold with other of the authors works, by John Overton, at the White Horse without Newgate, at the corner of the Little Old Bayly, near the Fountain Tavern, 1669, where you may have all sorts of blank bonds."

S. P. OLIVER, Lieut. R.A.

Derivation of the Word Barge.—Without attempting to question the pretensions of *baard* to signify a "vessel of war," and to have been used in this sense in Early English,—though your Correspondent certainly does not prove this assertion by quotations from Chaucer and Gower, which contain not the word *baard*, but *barge*,—I venture to suggest that this etymology of the latter word is rendered unnecessary by a reference to the fact that the word *barge* was imported bodily into our language from the French. Burguy quotes a passage from Villehardouin, who wrote in the beginning of the thirteenth century,—"*Et entroient es barges, et traioient à nous*,"—and others might be adduced to show beyond question whence we obtained the word. The origin of the French *barge* is not far to seek. All the authorities derive it from the mediæval Latin *barca* or *barga*, and agree in explaining this as meaning originally a merchant vessel ("*navire qui apporte et emporte des marchandises*,"—Burguy, *sub verbo*), though it subsequently was used for a shallop (*chaloupe*) or skiff. The French *barque* and the English *bark* of course have the same origin. On the whole, then, there seems no need to go further than France for the origin of the word *barge*. If we go further we shall fare worse.

J. PAYNE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—H. G.—F. H.—E. H.—J. J. F.—W. de F.—received.

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